THE FORUM

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BETTER THAN DEMOCRACY

SYLVESTER BAXTER

Tumultuously void of a clean scheme
Whereon to build, whereon to formulate,
The legion life that riots in mankind
Goes ever plunging upward, up and down,
Most like some crazy regiment at arms,
Undisciplined of aught but Ignorance,
And ever led resourcelessly along
To brainless carnage by drunk trumpeters.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

A SOCIETY of professional men had asked the writer to tell them something about Mexico. In the course of a very informal talk he remarked that the Mexicans were unfit for democracy and it was doubtful if they ever would be fit; but perhaps they might some time be fit for something better than democracy. Whereupon a unanimous gasp suggested incredulity, if nothing more. The circumstance that there was little time for elaborating upon a statement susceptible of no little qualification accounts in some measure for what follows here.

On another occasion the writer was asked if he favored votes for women. He replied that he believed in less voting rather than more; indeed, suffrage, as at present exercised, seemed to him a most unsatisfactory instrument for the achievement of free self-government. This for the reason that, while all persons who actually know their business can be depended

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upon to look after it, the prevailing misconception of democracy makes it every man's business to concern himself with matters as to which, as a rule, he knows little or nothing.

Some of the writer's radical friends regard him as ultra-conservative; some of his conservative friends deem him unduly radical. In truth he believes in holding fast to the good that has been achieved while pressing confidently onward to realize the larger good that must come with the shaping of better implements for dealing with new conditions. He would not cling to things outworn because once serviceable; neither would he cut and slash at everything in sight with the first new edged tool that comes into unskilled hands. Furthermore, he earnestly holds to equality among men and women as to the rights, privileges and duties inherent to a common humanity; he has no sympathy with social, political or religious prejudices of any sort, whether based upon differences in class, race or other distinctions. So perhaps he is both conservative and radical.

Somehow the glib saying that "the remedy for the ills of democracy is more democracy" suggests the charlatan who declared that the remedy for fits was more fits. But put just a little differently it all becomes clear and true: *The remedy for the ills of democracy is a better democracy.* Not the sort of democracy which to-day is getting all the world into trouble and menaces civilization; whose symptoms have become as acute in China, in Persia, in India, in Turkey, as in our distinctively western world; which has transformed Mexico from a land kept in order by despotism for nearly a generation into almost hopeless anarchy—a forecast of Russia's fate; not that sort of democracy which incites Cuba to go the way of Haiti. And as to our own nation, after accomplishing wonders for orderly progress in the Philippines, just as in Cuba, in Puerto Rico, and at Panama —by keeping affairs out of the hands of incompetent politicians and acting directly for administrative efficiency—the same illusion has brought us to the verge of deliberately casting our wards adrift to go the inevitable way of Mexico.

Furthermore, we ourselves are, strand by strand, now severing the ancient moorings that from the beginning have held secure our ship of state and are splicing in new cables whose

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untested fibres are twisted from every political nostrum that may suit the popular whim of the moment. It is true that the old moorings are outworn; made for conditions now obsolete, their replacement is called for. They have held us well to ground where we have waxed great in the ways of freedom and enlightenment. But administrative machinery devised for the days of handicraft, of animal traction, of the sailing-packet, is simple in comparison with the complex requirements of an era of power-production, of railways, electric transmission, motor-vehicles; an age that finds in the air a superior ocean, navigable as the waters. To meet these radically altered conditions, progressive changes more radical and revolutionary than anything hitherto conceived are inevitable. Yet these changes cannot be made untested, or heedless of precedent, without peril of economic and social disaster.

Science and discovery are the main factors in the world's wonderful advance. Man is more and more achieving the creative faculties that mark his essential divinity. The vast fund of human knowledge already accumulated can be but a tiny fraction of what coming centuries must bring out of a wise application of the learning we have gained. Yet we still keep ignorance at the helm. The proverbial marvel at the little wisdom with which the world is governed did not relate to the non-political ordering of its affairs. But in the affairs of supreme control we are even now running the world according to the discredited usages and standards, the obsolete procedures, the short-sighted aims, of the ages when individual and national covetousness supplied the paramount motives. Yet the potential abundance of the new era, with its limitless possibilities for production, leaves no rational ground for coveting things that should be had almost for the asking. In fact, the attempt to run the world's affairs of to-day according to those old-time standards is as fatuous as it would be to seek to regulate the mighty motive powers of to-day with the governing mechanisms of the primitive steam engine. Modern machinery thus regulated would straightway "run wild." Is not an analogous regulation, applied to the complex affairs of the modern state, the fundamental

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reason why things political are already running wild the world over?

What may all this have to do with democracy? Everything. In saying "better than democracy" reference is had only to what so generally passes current as democracy, but which in fact is not democracy at all. In reality it is only a pseudo-democracy. The democracy of the politicians is no more the democracy of man's ideal than the Christianity of the theologians is the Christianity of our Lord and Saviour. We might properly say *a better democracy,* something genuinely what it purports to be.

Democracy as commonly practised is the democracy of the politicians. Actually it is far from the democracy of the accepted definitions, such as "government by the people," or "that form of government in which the power resides ultimately in the whole people." It is not genuine democracy, largely for the reason that the efforts of those in whose hands the power practically resides are earnestly bent upon preventing it from really becoming truly democratic.

The will of the individual unit underlies, of course, the only practicable application of the democratic principle. It cannot be modified according to individual capacity or individual intelligence. Genuine democracy, however, implies the intelligent exertion of the individual will. When not so exerted it ceases to be democratic; it then expresses not the individual will of the elector, but that of some other individual, exerted through undue influence of some sort.

In the truly democratic sense the ballot is not an individual right—a possession to be bartered for some individual advantage; its exercise is a duty, governed by public and social obligations. The difference between pseudo-democracy and genuine democracy largely resides here. A genuine democracy must appeal to the individual judgment in ways that counteract inequalities in intelligence and capacity. When a voter acts upon matters as to which he is either ignorant or indifferent the outcome is no more democratic than it would be to confer the function upon dumb cattle, to be exercised by their owners for them. Nearly every large American city has some ward or district where the will of some individual is as absolute as that of an

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oriental potentate. His authority is extra-legal. But it could hardly be stronger were his powers expressly delegated to him by the State. It rests upon the social and economic conditions of his environment. The forces there at work produce the local boss of the American city just as they do the cacique of the Spanish community. Under existing conditions this is as inevitable and unerring as the shaping of growth in plant or animal by vital forces that operate according to the law of its species. If one man were not the boss somebody else would be. The boss's power is achieved largely by organized benefaction: helping the poor and the unfortunate and granting political favors, nicely graded for services rendered. The public sentiment thus generated is so strong, so universally pervasive, that none but the foolhardy would venture to disregard it. Selfish advantage, not good will, is the basic motive.

The effects might be beneficent were the workings only local. But under these conditions the mass of voters express their preferences as to things of general concern that may be of vital moment, but about which they know little or nothing and care not at all. One man thereby enjoys the tremendous power of practically casting a thousand ballots, or more, in one block—a power that often nullifies the wills of thousands of other voters who, deeply concerned in the results, may act intelligently on these questions.

The foregoing is only one of many instances that might be cited as to the essentially undemocratic nature of what so commonly passes as democracy. In consequence the administration of government is practically monopolized by a powerful class: the professional politicians—schooled by training and tutelage that, unhappily, develop no commensurate capacity in the exercise of their powers. Here in the United States the undesirable aspects of this institution are aggravated by the localism in representation that rigidly obtains from bottom to top in our political structure.

The chief end of government, "the hand of the people," should be administrative efficiency. The final test of excellence in any function is efficiency. In so far as governmental processes operate inequitably, or not according to truly democratic prin-

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ciples, they are correspondingly inefficient even though not extravagant or dishonest. But government by the politician class is essentially inefficient. The politician's besetting sin to-day is not so much corruption, or dishonesty in conventional affairs, as it is the essential incompetence bred by lack of genuine convictions. Now and then the politician is actually a statesman. But as a rule his conduct is guided by expediency. Popularity being the test of expediency, the politician ever has his ear to the ground listening for what may most sound like the voice of the people.

The tendency toward "government by newspaper" is a dangerous factor in our pseudo-democracy. Rational discussion of public affairs with corresponding effects upon public opinion is wholly desirable. But the powerful influence once exerted by editorial comment is on the wane. The public is distrustful as to motive. Instances are numerous wherein the electorate has contemptuously disregarded the entire weight of editorial influence unanimously exerted by the press of a community in behalf of certain measures or men. On the other hand a more strenuous phase of the power resident in "the fourth estate" has come to the front. It has given us a new version of a familiar proverb: *Give me the headlines in the papers and I care not who makes the laws.*

This new terrorism appeals to passion and prejudice. The yellow press—is the term not oral, rather than ocular, in genesis: *Yell-oh?* Vociferocity is certainly the most distinctive aspect of the institution: the Shriek in all its phases—accusation, denunciation, vilification. Stampeding tactics govern its activities. The politician couchant harks to the newspaper rampant and accepts as *vox populi* the clamor of the mob.

What is government? Is it anything other than the ordering, the regulation, the administration, of human affairs; the conduct of the common business for the common good? Governments within governments, for units within units, are progressively intensive in their operations as they diminish in jurisdiction: national or federal, provincial or state, county, municipality, and even lesser subdivisions. We differentiate these phases of government as "political" with commonly unhappy

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results. Yet they comprise but a small portion of the actually governmental activities whereby the affairs of the world are conducted. Just as various sets of atoms may coextensively fill a given space, each substance occupying it with its own medium while making room for all the others without crowding, so the functions of almost innumerable varieties of government are administered within the same community. They commingle and blend in endless diversity, each in its own way serving its own particular constituency: ecclesiastical governments, governments for educational institutions, for business corporations and associations. The corporation is often an extension of political government and is endowed with delegated powers to such ends. For instance: the Trinity House Corporation of Great Britain, looking after the lighthouses, and the dock-boards of Liverpool and other cities—all levying charges upon shipping to meet the costs of their vast operations; also the railway corporations of a country. In fact, every purpose for which men come together to act systematically for common ends is served by some manner of organization, each with its own form of government shaped with regard to its own particular ends. Each organization-unit, each special group of related units, has its own constitution, its own laws, its own form of taxation levied upon its members, its benefits and its penalties.

Furthermore, in the great public-service corporations—the railways, for instance—every branch of the service, every department, is affiliated through special organization with corresponding branches and departments in all the other public-service corporations of like nature throughout the country, and perhaps beyond in adjacent countries. Again these federated departmental activities of the corporations may be subdivided into district associations to meet particular sectional needs. The railways of the country are thus departmentally federated; national traffic associations, for instance—one for the passenger business, the other for freight—make possible the necessary uniformity in traffic regulation without which commerce in general would be absolutely demoralized. In like fashion the organization of the freight-claims departments of the railways into a national association serves the interests of shippers and consignees as well as

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it does the railways themselves. Only thus have the uniform methods been made practicable that have expedited procedures once attended by peculiarly irritating and costly delays. These uniform methods have promoted equitable adjustments. Millions are saved yearly to the patrons of the railways and indirectly for the public at large; the railways themselves profit by the consequent improvement in traffic conditions, the saving in litigation and the prevention of fraudulent claims—with resultant better feeling all round. These instances illustrate how in countless ways the administration of immensely important governmental functions through voluntary association permeates the organization of modern civilized society.

In our fabric of non-political government the vocational organizations are of immense importance: trade unions, professional associations—medical, legal, scientific; all both local and general in scope. In their international aspects these organizations are gradually developing a universal solidarity for mankind. Thereby we have various significant features for a structure of world-government that in its growth keeps pace with the tendency toward a political world-government represented in treaties, alliances, compacts, federations and unions for mutual advantage among nations, and the consequent formulation of a body of international law. Of commensurate import is the growth of commercial organization: local boards of trade, merchants' and producers' associations—all federated in national and international bodies.

Extraordinarily significant is the way in which the ancient institution of the guild—once immensely influential in public affairs and in its recognized participation in the work of government, particularly in local government—is now achieving renascence in modern vocational organization after becoming practically defunct when industrial life was revolutionized by the replacement of handicraft production with power production.

Vocational interests are thus becoming not only most powerful factors in modern society; their influence in political affairs has become so potent as apparently to presage the time when vocational organization will be a prime factor—perhaps the basic factor—in political government. Evil as it is, recent na-

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tional class legislation conferring inequitable privileges upon labor and agricultural organizations may ultimately find compensation in making it clear that unless commensurate obligations are assumed by the recipients of privileges, our whole national fabric becomes a travesty upon democracy. In the trade unions of to-day we seem actually to be witnessing a sort of recrudescence of the craft-guilds of old, while in commercial organizations we have a like revival of the spirit that animated the mercantile or trade guilds.

These diverse forms of social organization constitute an ordering of multiform human activities which actually conducts what is by far the major part of the work of governing human affairs. In fact, each function, each particular institution, has a specialized mode of regulation and administration that in no essential respect differs from the processes of what we regard as government *par excellence:* territorial, or political, government. These innumerable activities, infinitely complex and intricately interrelated, are practically as automatic in operation as are the vital processes of the human body.

In one prime respect these functions of political and non-political government radically differentiate themselves. Political government, as a rule, is lamentably inefficient; non-political government, as a rule, is strikingly efficient. Deficiencies in the latter respect may usually be traced to inefficiencies in the former. In responsiveness to the demands upon it, the world's non-political organism is proving itself more and more equal to the colossal and illimitable tasks created for it without end in the swift evolution of human society under the stimulus of science and discovery. Only in one respect have we an element of weakness that impedes a progress otherwise irresistible and threatens even to arrest what should be an advance of fairly endless continuity. This element of weakness lies in our as yet feeble sense of solidarity made evident in the inefficiency of the functions that finally bind the entire fabric of society in one coherent whole.

In its superior aspects governmental organization needs to express in most adequate fashion the requirements of the public which it serves. We have seen that our social and industrial

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organization is of an ever-waxing complexity. This entails a commensurate complexity in political functions. Our political structures, however, being both cumbersome and weak, are little designed to sustain the stresses to which they are necessarily subject under the changed conditions of the present. The public seems conscious of this in a way, or perhaps at least subconscious. But just now it seems disposed, as a rule, to seek its remedies in an arrestment of centripetal activity, thereby giving a consequently dangerous play to those centrifugal forces which make for progress while under judicious control, but tend to chaos when weakly restrained. Tampered with in this fashion the old-time mechanism cannot properly respond to the load which new and unprecedented conditions are placing upon it. That mechanism, fashioned in ways now largely obsolete, is indeed antiquated. Still it is all we yet have to serve us, and in its necessary reconstruction we can hardly do otherwise than was done with the old jack-knife, renewed while remaining itself: new blades and new handle supplied one after the other. But if dissatisfaction with cumbersome operations prompts us to dispense all of a sudden with the old checks and balances before installing new ones of better pattern, or unduly to weaken the structure with expeditive tinkering, the machinery will be imperilled under the strain of added new functions. We have been putting upon our obsolescent scheme of democracy—still rigidly held in fetich-like reverence, with all its eighteenth century conceptions, limitations and interpretations—a load of twentieth century activities for which it is absolutely unsuited. Our political concepts are kept at odds with our social and economic concepts. They cannot be reconciled unless the former be revised to agree with the things and the conditions that as a matter of course have revised themselves. Even our dictionaries would be wholly inadequate to our language were they not revised every twenty years or so.

Practically every other phase of activity in the ordering of human affairs proceeds along business lines—its operations conducted mainly with reference to achieving effectively the purposes sought. In the culminating activities, those which coördinate and bind together all the others and which therefore constitute the

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supreme business of all, it is correspondingly important that efficiency should be the dominating motive. But right here we find the normal order reversed; the main function is subordinated to an extraneous purpose; the welfare of the served is made subordinate to the interests of the servers. We are told that in the very nature of things efficiency must here be out of place; the central business of the community is essentially political; for some unintelligible reason it is maintained that politics is not business. The actual reason, of course, lies in the fundamental fact that, in the application of what we term democratic principles to that particular phase of collective business which concerns each and every member of the community, the conduct of it is intrusted to incompetent hands. At the same time the non-political business of the community is correspondingly hampered by political interference: unintelligent direction from political sources, and for divers political motives, of many of the conditions that affect or control the operations of industry and of business in general.

There are, to be sure, hopeful tendencies; much real progress has been made in recent years toward a more efficient conduct of public affairs. The building of the Panama Canal offers a supreme example of the possibilities of efficiency in governmental methods; its epochal achievements in sanitation indicate what mighty ends may be possible in governmental operations along lines hardly practicable under private auspices. Most significantly, all this is due to the fortunate fact that the meddlesome hands of the politicians were kept out of the job. Equally significant is it, however, that when it came to putting the canal into use the politicians followed their natural bent and straightway "messed in" not only with the imposition of unintelligently and inequitably conceived enactments that can but impair immensely the results of operation, but also with the soiling of national honor by the violation of solemn international obligations.

Again, on the credit side of the ledger should be placed the highly desirable pure-food legislation laws due to an enlightened public opinion which forced the politicians to respond. Furthermore should be noted the better tendencies in what has long exhibited our most inefficient examples of the conduct of col-

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lective business: municipal government. An epidemic demand for "government by commission" arose out of premature appreciation of results in various cities where the idea had not been given time to reveal the inherent defects due to the predominance of pseudo-democratic principles in formulating the scheme. In the nature of things the electorate could not pass intelligently upon the fitness of elected officials for specialized tasks—engineering, finance, etc.—that demanded expert training. But now we have the genuinely democratic advance that intrusts the central responsibility to a "municipal general manager" technically trained for the task and chosen purely with reference to fitness, not by the voters at large—with whom extrinsic considerations like popularity, personal magnetism, etc., would inevitably rank superior to expert qualifications—but by a small representative city council without executive responsibilities, similar to the board of directors in a business corporation.

Many other advances indicate true progress toward a better democracy; advances that largely offset the pseudo-democratic tendencies toward hair-trigger activities exerted by an impulsive public opinion, mercurially inclined and correspondingly unstable. The main problem is to give effective predominance to genuinely democratic tendencies.

The present epoch is distinctively industrial. Advances in industry underlie the progress of our civilization to higher planes. Industrial considerations, thus shaping our social structure, must correspondingly shape our political structure. The democracy of the future must be specifically an industrial democracy. Hence come the tendencies of trade unions, of labor organizations in general, to realize their vast potencies for influencing the conduct of public affairs and to exercise more and more a controlling voice therein. This is all quite in the order of things. The immediate outcome, to be sure, appears in what looks like a new tyranny imposed upon society at large by one of its elements, disclaiming responsibilities while exerting all the powers it can make its own. Still the ends toward which these courses are working seem altogether desirable.

At present the organized workers, as a rule, aim to secure

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the largest possible immediate compensation for the individual member as such, with little regard either for the sources whence such compensation is derived, or even for the lasting welfare of the collective membership. The railway brotherhoods, for instance, tend to exert their mastery in transportation affairs in ways that assure to their members so large a share in the receipts from operation as to leave to the stockholders little or nothing in the way of returns. Railway securities are thus made correspondingly unprofitable, absolutely necessary transportation improvements are arrested and the possibilities of extended employment are correspondingly restricted.

While the public at large suffers from impaired service do not the employés likewise suffer? Being a part of the public they must proportionately share in its misfortunes. Under the adverse conditions thus induced there is no longer work enough to go round. A considerable proportion of the normal number of employés has to be laid off. The unions have meant to work for the welfare of their members. But how about those who for the time being have ceased to be engineers, firemen, brakemen, conductors, machinists? They are no longer active railway men and perhaps never again may be. But they may be fully as much in need of employment as those who stay on at the high wages which their organizations had succeeded in obtaining. The range of prosperity thus becomes exceedingly circumscribed when realized under conditions that soon drive many former workers either into the ranks of the unemployed or into less desirable occupations.

But suppose the organizations took this position: Once of the Union always of the Union—at least until better fortunes may have carried a man to yet higher conditions. The whole membership would share on equal terms the benefits of employment through all conditions, whether of prosperity or adversity. For instance, when business slackened, by reason of hard times, seasonal circumstances, or from other causes, instead of laying off a portion of the men and entailing corresponding hardships for them through loss of wages and of employment for perhaps a long period, the entire body of workers would remain in employment but at the lower compensation and re-

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duced hours of work called for by the diminished traffic and the lessened revenues available for wages. The demand for increased employment incidental to growth in traffic could be met by selecting competent men trained as cadets or apprentices or by promotions from lower grades, as of firemen to engineers, or brakemen to conductors—all under a system mutually agreed upon between the unions and the employing corporations. Under such conditions an incorporation of the organized workers should be as beneficial to the workers themselves as to the employing interests and the public in general. Thus endowed with great powers as well as responsibilities, the organized vocations should become most important and desirable factors in the body politic as in the body economic. The chances for a continued prosperity with ever improving conditions of employment should thus be vastly greater when a sense of common advantage gave all parties at interest a strong incentive to work for it, than under the jug-handled conditions now prevailing.

Here and there, the world over, may be found various instances of remarkable industrial and economic advances achieved through organization. A highly significant example of the possibilities of industrial solidarity comes from Italy. Thousands of Italian workmen, combining in groups large and small and representing all trades, successfully take contracts to build highways, railways and carry out other important constructions of all kinds. The contracts undertaken by these organizations are capitalized through coöperative banks, the latter advancing the funds necessary to carry them out, making the payments required for work and material as the enterprise advances. By a federation of the various trades, large and complex undertakings are thus made as possible for the organized workers as for great contracting concerns. The extensive scope possible to this form of organization is indicated by the colossal undertaking that the Milan Federation of Coöperatives of Production and Labor has now in hand: a contract for railway construction and terminal development involving an outlay of $40,000,000 and covering a period of ten years. The problems of craftsmanship thus dealt with include elaborate and magnificent engineering and architectural features.

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Inspiring examples of this sort, demonstrating a working-class competency to enter upon the highest order of constructive undertakings and industrial organization, must be other than sporadic. Do they not herald the higher economic and political order of an industrial State that shall combine the flexibility and the efficiency of voluntary association with a pervasively unifying structural organization—all without the rigidity of bureaucratic control and its tendency toward arrested development? Indeed, in certain ways the felicitous outcome of our American operations at Panama indicates such potentialities.

The present unsatisfactory relations of organized labor to society at large cannot be abiding. The sense of power now realized must lead to a sense of responsibility in its exercise. The political activity of labor organizations is strikingly on the increase. This is one of various indications that in the reorganization of our political structure already under way the industrial State will gradually shape itself. The many radical departures already made will permit no retracement. But the new features are out of consonance with the old framework. It follows that the specifically political organization of public affairs which has always prevailed can hardly sustain itself upon anything like the old conditions. For one thing, we have an irresistible tendency to impose many new burdens upon the community—all ultimately in behalf of the common welfare, but more immediately operating to the particular benefit of certain classes. This threatens an unbearable strain upon our existing economic structure. It seems impossible for modern society to endure the burden of taxation imposed by these new servitudes. The propositions for minimum wages, for old-age pensions, the new Massachusetts legislation for the public support of children of dependent mothers—all are most humane in intention and seem correspondingly desirable. But the burdens upon industry and upon taxation which they entail cannot well be borne without corresponding readjustments of industrial conditions and reconstructions of the political fabric.

Vocational organizations can hardly go on exercising an ever stronger influence in public affairs without achieving commensurate representation in the political bodies that directly

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control those activities: executive, administrative, legislative. This tendency seems to imply the ultimate displacement of territorial or local representation in favor of strictly vocational representation. Might not this be the logical consummation, the capstone for the completed edifice of an industrial democracy?

The locality as a basis of representation has been simply a convenience. Local considerations are of minor import in an era that eliminates distance as a barrier to human intercourse. Concerns of mutual interest are what mainly draw men together. Vocational organizations of all sorts therefore form the natural basis for polititcal representation, rather than the arbitrary distinctions based upon political bounds that often are not even geographical in the normal sense.

Organizations of that sort, as we have seen, already underlie practically the entire ordering of human affairs, other than political, which comprises all but a minor part of the world's actually governmental functions. To extend this basis for representation to cover the requirements of political organization therefore seems quite the logical and normal thing to do. When we watch the activities of the class that in our American sense we know as "politicians," we must be impressed with the fact that for the participants politics is mainly a grab game carried on by self-seeking persons for the sake of personal power and gain under a pretence of seeking the public welfare. It has been that way from the beginning and must continue that way hereafter so long as the basis remains as it is.

What would be the consequence of transferring the control of public affairs from the untrained and the correspondingly incompetent directly to the hands of those whose interests are actually at stake? Trained to their tasks, would not the latter naturally be most competent to deal with them both advisorily and directively? Could the change fail to make for the efficiency which in this wonderful industrial epoch means social salvation?

The legislative ordering of public affairs is chiefly a matter of vocational concern. The various elements in the community are thereby affected according as their callings are involved. Through many years the writer has had frequent

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occasion to follow the complex course of legislation in a part of the American Union where more than ordinary efforts are made to give the general public full opportunity to make its views felt, its wishes considered, concerning the numerous questions under discussion. The procedures involved are cumbersome, their operations superficial, the results too often unsatisfactory. The legislature delegates to various committees the task of securing detailed knowledge of the numerous subjects to come before it. These committees are quite likely to be in the main honest and earnest, of at least fair intelligence, with a good portion of their membership sincerely desiring the best possible information about a given subject. But they are likely to be overworked and correspondingly listless. Almost invariably certain members make it a rule to consume all the time they can in asking fool questions, while others insist upon beclouding the issue and in taking up in disputes and arguments the time properly belonging to citizens seeking to be heard and who furthermore are likely to be barred from voicing their ideas by the obtrusiveness of various chronic attendants—cranks and bores—who insist upon going the length of their long-windedness until the committee is in a mood to pay no attention to anybody. Finally when a committee may have very carefully informed itself upon a matter, it reports to a House which may be not in the least informed and which may have little opportunity to inform itself. Meanwhile underground activities may be at work, prejudiced influences may be given an easy upper hand, and the subject may be one concerning which an artificial public sentiment can be readily manufactured and the legislature stampeded accordingly.

The foregoing is but a partial summary of actual legislative conditions. It seems remarkable that so much real progress can after all be accomplished. But with an increasingly complex social organization our public activities are becoming correspondingly involved, intricate and interrelated, and the chances for congestion, for obstruction, for inadequate conclusions, in like degree menacing. Witness the very recent tendency for the Congress at Washington to keep in perpetual session and perhaps devote itself only to two or three subjects.

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A vocational basis of representation should change all this. Upon practically all questions we should have the benefit of competent expert judgment at first hand: engineers for engineering questions, physicians and chemists for hygienic affairs, mechanics for matters of moment in their direction, and so on—a high court of collective intelligence; a sane collective judgment formulated accordingly.

Various rudiments in a vocational ordering of public affairs have long been in evidence here and there: university representation in the British parliament; life senatorships in certain continental parliaments conferred upon a basis of scholarly and scientific rank; official functions delegated to certain incorporated vocational bodies by American legislation, as in making the National Academy of Sciences an adviser to the federal Government; in giving certain educational, artistic or scientific institutions a voice in the selection of specified public bodies, such as the Boston Art Commission; in making vocational qualifications paramount in selecting the membership of certain executive or administrative bodies—specifying lawyers, engineers, architects, merchants, mechanics, as the case may be. Invaluable assistance in the activities of political government is often thus obtained. The proportion of such activities, however, is so infinitesimal that no valid deductions as to the importance of vocational representation as a controlling principle can be made.

A genuine radical like the late Henry D. Lloyd, at once so pronounced and so suggestive in his discussion of social conditions, once remarked that the exercise of the suffrage in its present shape appeared to him as but a transitory phase in political evolution: that in our advance to higher planes of civilization we should arrive at *government by selection* in place of government by election. Thereby we should achieve government by the fit. Does not the transition to vocational representation, toward which a dominatingly industrial reorganization of society seems to be carrying us, imply something of that sort? Does it not mean that the suffrage would be exercised from the basis of a genuine democracy when the ultimate unit in government, the individual, would intelligently, and perhaps almost automatically, perform his duty by virtue of its vocational appeal? Can the

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average voter ever be rightly informed concerning the persons, conditions and questions that under present circumstances he is expected to pass upon? A person naturally holds in light esteem a possession he does not know how to use. It has no value, sacred or otherwise, other than commercial. Herein lies the crux of all that has been said or written concerning the venality of electorates. The poor man who knows nothing and cares nothing as to the purpose underlying his right of suffrage very naturally avails himself of the opportunity to capitalize it and draws his regular dividends by selling it either for cash or in return for value received in the way of favors or benefits of some sort. The latter form of consideration, though non-penalized, is morally just as bad in vendor or in purchaser. And so long as votes have no value in the voters' estimation other than commercial, so long will votes be bought and sold in some way or other. But under vocational representation the average voter would know his own business. And in attending to it he would thereby look after the public's business.

All sorts of conjectures, surmises, and no doubt various objections as to the things here discussed, will naturally occur to the reader. How can such ends be realized? That is beyond saying. Gradually, of course; and doubtless with false steps to be retraced. As with many an innovation, we may have practically the thing itself in its main essentials before it becomes a recognized institution.

More than a quarter of a century has passed since the greatest of utopian romances, Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* was published. Confessedly fanciful in its details, it was keenly logical in its economical conceptions. Society has already made no slight advances toward realizing some of its ideals of organization and efficiency. The story of the work at Panama might well be an omitted chapter from *Looking Backward* or from its sequel, *Equality*. It is not without significance that what Edward Bellamy depicted as the future social order was based upon a flexible organization of the vocations.

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INTERIM

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

THE room is full of you!—As I came in
And closed the door behind me, all at once
A something in the air, intangible,
Yet stiff with meaning, struck my senses sick!——

Sharp, unfamiliar odors have destroyed
Each other room's dear personality.
The heavy scent of damp, funereal flowers,——
The very essence, hush-distilled, of Death——
Has strangled that habitual breath of home
Whose expiration leaves all houses dead;
And wheresoe'er I look is hideous change.
Save here. Here 'twas as if a weed-choked gate
Had opened at my touch, and I had stepped
Into some long-forgot, enchanted, strange,
Sweet garden of a thousand years ago
And suddenly thought, "I have been here before!"
You are not here. I know that you are gone,
And will not ever enter here again.
And yet it seems to me, if I should speak,
Your silent step must wake across the hall;
If I should turn my head, that your sweet eyes
Would kiss me from the door.——So short a time
To teach my life its transposition to
This difficult and unaccustomed key!——

The room is as you left it; your last touch——
A thoughtless pressure, knowing not itself
As saintly——hallows now each simple thing;
Hallows and glorifies, and glows between
The dust's grey fingers like a shielded light.

There is your book, just as you laid it down,
Face to the table,——I cannot believe

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That you are gone!——Just then it seemed to me
You must be here. I almost laughed to think
How like reality the dream had been;
Yet knew before I laughed, and so was still.
That book, outspread, just as you laid it down!
Perhaps you thought, "I wonder what comes next,
And whether this or this will be the end";
So rose, and left it, thinking to return.

Perhaps that chair, when you arose and passed
Out of the room, rocked silently a while
Ere it again was still. When you were gone
Forever from the room, perhaps that chair,
Stirred by your movement, rocked a little while,
Silently, to and fro . . . . . .

And here are the last words your fingers wrote,
Scrawled in broad characters across a page
In this brown book I gave you. Here your hand,
Guiding your rapid pen, moved up and down.
Here with a looping knot you crossed a "t,"
And here another like it, just beyond
These two eccentric "e's." You were so small,
And wrote so brave a hand!
How strange it seems
That of all words these are the words you chose!
And yet a simple choice; you did not know
You would not write again. If you had known——
But then, it does not matter,——and indeed
If you had known there was so little time
You would have dropped your pen and come to me
And this page would be empty, and some phrase
Other than this would hold my wonder now.
Yet, since you could not know, and it befell
That these are the last words your fingers wrote,
There is a dignity some might not see
In this, "I picked the first sweet-pea to-day."

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To-day! Was there an opening bud beside it
You left until to-morrow?——O my love,
The things that withered,——and you came not back!
That day you filled this circle of my arms
That now is empty. (O my empty life!)
That day——that day you picked the first sweet-pea,——
And brought it in to show me! I recall
With terrible distinctness how the smell
Of your cool gardens drifted in with you.
I know, you held it up for me to see
And flushed because I looked not at the flower,
But at your face; and when behind my look
You saw such unmistakable intent
You laughed and brushed your flower against my lips.
(You were the fairest thing God ever made,
I think.) And then your hands above my heart
Drew down its stem into a fastening,
And while your head was bent I kissed your hair.
I wonder if you knew. (Beloved hands!
Somehow I cannot seem to see them still.
Somehow I cannot seem to see the dust
In your bright hair.) What is the need of Heaven
When earth can be so sweet?——If only God
Had let us love,——and show the world the way!
Strange cancellings must ink th' eternal books
When love-crossed-out will bring the answer right!

That first sweet-pea! I wonder where it is.
It seems to me I laid it down somewhere,
And yet,—I am not sure. I am not sure,
Even, if it was white or pink; for then
'Twas much like any other flower to me,
Save that it was the first. I did not know,
Then, that it was the last. If I had known——
But then, it does not matter. Strange how few,
After all's said and done, the things that are
Of moment.
    Few indeed! When I can make
Of ten small words a rope to hang the world!

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"I had you and I have you now no more."
There, there it dangles,——where's the little truth
That can for long keep footing under that
When its slack syllables tighten to a thought?
Here, let me write it down! I wish to see
Just how a thing like that will look on paper!

"I had you and I have you now no more."

O little words, how can you run so straight
Across the page, beneath the weight you bear?
How can you fall apart, whom such a theme
Has bound together, and hereafter aid
In trivial expression, that have been
So hideously dignified?—Would God
That tearing you apart would tear the thread
I strung you on! Would God——O God, my mind
Stretches asunder on this merciless rack
Of imagery! O, let me sleep a while!

Would I could sleep, and wake to find me back
In that sweet summer afternoon with you.
Summer? 'Tis summer still by the calendar!
How easily could God, if He so willed,
Set back the world a little turn or two!
Correct its griefs, and bring its joys again!

We were so wholly one I had not thought
That we could die apart. I had not thought
That I could move,—and you be stiff and still!
That I could speak,—and you perforce be dumb!
I think our heart-strings were, like warp and woof
In some firm fabric, woven in and out;
Your golden filaments in fair design
Across my duller fibre. And to-day
The shining strip is rent; the exquisite
Fine pattern is destroyed; part of your heart
Aches in my breast; part of my heart lies chilled
In the damp earth with you. I have been torn
In two, and suffer for the rest of me.

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What is my life to me? And what am I
To life,——a ship whose star has guttered out?
A Fear that in the deep night starts awake
Perpetually, to find its senses strained
Against the taut strings of the quivering air,
Awaiting the return of some dread chord?

Dark, Dark, is all I find for metaphor;
All else were contrast,——save that contrast's wall
Is down, and all opposed things flow together
Into a vast monotony, where night
And day, and frost and thaw, and death and life,
Are synonyms. What now——what now to me
Are all the jabbering birds and foolish flowers
That clutter up the world? You were my song!
Now, now let discord scream! You were my flower!
Now let the world grow weeds! For I shall not
Plant things above your grave—(the common balm
Of the conventional woe for its own wound!)
Amid sensations rendered negative
By your elimination stands to-day,
Certain, unmixed, the element of grief;
I sorrow; and I shall not mock my truth
With travesties of suffering, nor seek
To effigy its incorporeal bulk
In little wry-faced images of woe.

I cannot call you back; and I desire
No utterance of my immaterial voice.
I cannot even turn my face this way
Or that, and say, " My face is turned to you ";
I know not where you are, I do not know
If Heaven hold you or if earth transmute,
Body and soul, you into earth again;
But this I know:—not for one second's space
Shall I insult my sight with visionings
Such as the credulous crowd so eager-eyed
Beholds, self-conjured, in the empty air.

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Let the world wail! Let drip its easy tears!
My sorrow shall be dumb!

——What do I say?
God! God!——God pity me! Am I gone mad
That I should spit upon a rosary?
Am I become so shrunken? Would to God
I too might feel that frenzied faith whose touch
Makes temporal the most enduring grief;
Though it must walk a while, as is its wont,
With wild lamenting! Would I too might weep
Where weeps the world and hangs its piteous wreaths
For its new dead! Not Truth, but Faith, it is
That keeps the world alive. If all at once
Faith were to slacken,—— that unconscious faith
Which must, I know, yet be the corner-stone
Of all believing,—birds now flying fearless
Across would drop in terror to the earth;
Fishes would drown; and the all-governing reins
Would tangle in the frantic hands of God
And the worlds gallop headlong to destruction!

O God, I see it now, and my sick brain
Staggers and swoons! How often over me
Flashes this breathlessness of sudden sight
In which I see the universe unrolled
Before me like a scroll and read thereon
Chaos and Doom, where helpless planets whirl
Dizzily round and round and round and round,
Like tops across a table, gathering speed
With every spin, to waver on the edge
One instant——looking over—and the next
To shudder and lurch forward out of sight——

* * * * *

Ah, I am worn out——I am wearied out——
It is too much——I am but flesh and blood,
And I must sleep. Though you were dead again,
I am but flesh and blood and I must sleep.

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WHISTLER

Artist and Bantam

FRANK HARRIS

"Opposition makes the wise man mad.—BLAKE

IT was the report of the trial with Ruskin which first made me familiar with the name of Whistler. His answers under cross-examination pleased me mightily; proved he was a man of courage and capacity. The condemnation of his work by popular painters convinced me that he would not have been attacked so bitterly by the mediocrities had he not been a man of genius. Ruskin's preposterous fling and its success, and the favor shown him by the crowd, filled me with contempt for the critic whom till then I had admired to a certain extent for his beautiful prose.

When I first settled in London in the early eighties I was eager to meet Whistler: though I didn't dream at that time that he was a genius in the high sense of the word, the English leader of a new artistic renascence. With the bias of the writer I thought the intellectual leaders should be men of letters and should handle the greatest medium, words, and not merely color and form.

Naturally, therefore, I first came to know Whistler through his literary talent and wit, and without this ladder would probably not have reached comprehension for a long time; but even at first my opinion of him was far higher than the opinions I heard about me. He was always quarrelling, I was told; a peculiar little fellow, inordinately conceited, and bitter beyond reason—" a tongue like a whiplash, and very American," was the usual summary verdict.

At first sight I was struck, as I imagine everyone was struck, by his appearance: an alert, wiry little person of five feet four or five; using a single eyeglass and very neatly dressed, though always with something singular in his attire—the artist's self-conscious protest—which gave him a certain exotic flavor and

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individuality. He wore his abundant curly black hair rather long, and just over the forehead a little lock of quite white hairs like a plume; in the street a French top hat—a stove pipe, as it is called—with a straight brim which shouted: "I'm French, and proud of it!" at the passers by.

The second or third time I met him I noticed that his features were well-shaped; both chin and forehead broad; the eyes remarkable, piercing, and aggressive: a greying black moustache, inclined to curl tightly, added a note of defiance. Though they were not really alike, the expression of his face reminded me of Edmond de Goncourt and Tourgenief's description of his eyes: "*luisants et sombres et pas bons du tout*" (shining, sombre eyes, anything but kindly). Whistler's eyes were grey-blue and gimlet-keen—"anything but kindly"—and the moustache and carriage intensified the cocky challenge of the fighter: Whistler always reminded me of a bantam.

In every assembly he always stood apart, with a certain perky distinction; an unsparing, frank critic: one talked to him, drew him out, expecting incisive caustic comment.

One day he asked me to breakfast: I accepted, for he piqued my curiosity; I wanted to know more of him, felt certain he had something new to say; and I was eager to hear. At the breakfast I met five or six society people—notably Lady ———, a very enthusiastic admirer of the master. In the course of the breakfast, some one asked Whistler what he thought of Frank Holl, the English portrait painter who had had some vogue, it appeared, a little earlier.

"A talent, not a genius, Holl; content with the colored photograph kind of thing that all the old fellows did, and some of 'em did better; art's not imitation, that's clear, don't ye know?" and his eyes probed.

The wilfulness and quickness of the man were at odds with the drawling American accent; he puzzled me a little, but even then I was ready to go with him a good way: art, I thought, was interpretation, not merely imitation, and I said so.

"That's it," Whistler took me up abruptly; "a personal interpretation or impression, blessed with beauty and brevity, eh?" and again his eyes bored in.

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His talk was suggestive, but a little shrill, I thought, not realizing then fully how much greater in art the half is than the whole.

Somewhat later I asked him a little maliciously what he thought of Oscar Wilde.

"I have his scalp," he laughed, "but am not proud of it: Oscar is imitator, not artist."

"He may outgrow that," I remarked.

"The sponge is always sponging," was Whistler's quick retort.

He was taken away by Lady ———, who wanted to tell him how much she admired the portrait of a girl in his studio. He took us to see it, frankly interested, without a trace of pose or self-consciousness, though he showed a marked deference to the great lady which amused me. As soon as he knew you a little, he couldn't help telling you that he had been a student at West Point, a military cadet; he took the romantic, chivalric view of things by preference; yet he spoke of his work with curious detachment, in jerked-out phrases, astoundingly sincere in their simplicity, and astoundingly veracious as well.

"One wants the spirit, the aroma, don't ye know?" and he glanced away from the picture to see if we understood. As no one answered, he insisted: "If you paint a young girl, youth should scent the room: a thinker, thoughts should be in the air; an aroma of the personality. . . . And with all that, it should be a picture, a pattern, a harmony only a painter could conceive. . . . I sometimes say an arrangement in black and white, or blue and gold, don't ye know?" The eyes gimletted one. "Do they understand?" they seemed to ask, "the dullards,—do they even know that each art has its own grammar and its own aim?"

This first meeting showed me that Whistler was an original artist, a force to be reckoned with, and at the same time, he was sympathetic to me; his courage and quickness were obvious; his conceit justified, his vanity natural, even his frankness seemed to argue a kindly nature.

His famous *Ten o'clock* lecture confirmed my judgment, and put him definitively on a pedestal: he talked with the sincerity

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and authority of a great artist. The perky figure on the platform; the exquisitely appropriate speech—now quick bitter sentences darting like rapier-thrusts, now the linking melody of rhythmic phrases—all alike excellent. The inimitable cheeky delivery of his attacks made him delightfully real and vital; the insight and authority of his message held one; a modern master, I said to myself, human to the heart and yet a master.

Again and again his humor flashed; the Experts "sombre of mien and wise with the wisdom of books . . . speculating in much writing upon the great worth of bad work. . . .": the Critic who "never sees the masterpiece at all"; and finally the Preacher "appointed!" . . . "Sage of the Universities . . . learned in many matters, and of much experience in all, save his subject . . . bringing powers of persuasion and polish of language to prove—nothing. . . ."

The most brilliant *persiflage* of English weaknesses ever written, and written by a painter!

And when he spoke of his art and of the artist as the high-priest of the mysteries of Beauty, a grave emotion colored his words, and the sentences arranged themselves cunningly, evoking unforgettable pictures.

"The artist," he said, "does not confine himself to purposeless copying, without thought, each blade of grass, as commended by the inconsequent, but, in the long curve of the narrow leaf, corrected by the straight tall stem, he learns how grace is wedded to dignity, how strength enhances sweetness, that elegance shall be the result. . . .

"Through his brain, as through the last alembic, is distilled the refined essence of that thought which began with the Gods, and which they left him to carry out. . . .

"Set apart by them to complete their works, he produces that wondrous thing called the masterpiece, which surpasses in perfection all that they have contrived in what is called Nature; and the Gods stand by and marvel, and perceive how far more beautiful is the Venus of Melos than was their own Eve."

That lecture won me to complete sympathy: the comments of the audience and the press exasperated me: no one seemed to see that the speech was the greatest ever heard in London.

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Even Oscar Wilde pooh-poohed my praise of it as exaggerated; but it had made one convert.

Whistler's fiery combativeness even now excited in me nothing but approval. He's had a pretty hard time, I thought, as all great men are sure to have everywhere, and most of all in England, where the pillory is specially reserved for great artists. He's evidently one of "the wicked animals" of the French proverb, "who defends himself when he's attacked," and he has been attacked so often, and his courage is so high, that he's always ready to take the offensive. In the *Ten o'clock* he gave his own portrait: "The Artist has always cause to be merry at the 'pompous pretension and solemn silliness' that surrounds him, for Art and Joy go together with bold openness, and high head and ready hand—fearing naught."

One evening he dined with me and talked with extraordinary animation and eloquence about his Art. I noticed that he was a different man when dining almost alone and when there was a large party. By himself he was without affectation or aggressiveness, but as soon as there was an audience he wanted to hold the floor and monopolize the conversation.

On another occasion there were half a dozen of us, and Whistler held forth about his discovery of the Thames, as he called it. A personage at the table rather resented the suggestion that no one had ever seen the beauty in mists and fog because it had not been painted before, and the little difference grew somewhat acrid. At length the great man remarked that "conceit was no proof of ability." Whistler took him up sharply:

"Quite right, but what you call conceit may be only self-respect, don't ye know?"

"It's the excessive egotism I dislike," grumbled the great person, turning away and beginning pointedly to speak to the host.

Some one said something encouraging to Whistler, who remarked in the air:

"Yes, yes, he forgot himself; but then he is quite right to forget what isn't worth remembering."

Whistler was certainly "a first-rate fighting man." He often

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attacked without justification. I may be allowed to give one characteristic example when I could give twenty. Everyone knows the bare facts about Swinburne's famous article on his works which appeared in *The Fortnightly Review* for June, 1888.

Whistler's biographers, the Pennells, have decided that "it cannot be denied that he had every reason for seeing a challenge in Swinburne's article. He was stung to the quick, but even in his anger he couldn't forget the friendship of the past."

The truth is, and there can be no breach of confidence now in publishing the fact, that Whistler asked for the article. Mr. Theodore Watts was approached and told that Whistler would be very glad indeed if Swinburne, who had known his work for years, would say what he thought about it. It was pointed out that Whistler hadn't the position that his great talent deserved, and that it would be an act of kindness on Swinburne's part to help him to wider recognition. Swinburne was kind enough to do what was asked of him.

Immediately after the article appeared, came Whistler's contemptuous note in *The World,* in which, criticising Swinburne, he spoke of the "scientific irrelevancies and solemn popularities of a serious and ungrateful Sage, whose mind was not narrowed by knowledge."

The last paragraph of his letter ran:

"Thank you, my dear! I have lost a *confrère;* but then, I have found an acquaintance—one Algernon Swinburne—'outsider'—Putney."

It was an outrageous response to an act of kindness and naturally enough Swinburne was very much annoyed.

At the time only a few knew of the dignified great letter Whistler wrote to Swinburne before publishing his sneer in *The World,* the letter published in *The Gentle Art* under the title *Et tu, Brute,* in which he talks to Swinburne in the proper spirit:

"Who are you, deserting your Muse, that you should insult my Goddess with familiarity and the manners of approach common to the reasoners in the market place? . . . Shall I be brought to the bar by my own blood, and be borne false witness against before the plebeian people?"

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He requested Swinburne to stick to his poetry and not "stray about blindly in his brother's flower beds and bruise himself."

But good as this private letter is, it still seems to me not to be justified, for Whistler had asked for the article and should have been content with it.

After all, Swinburne praised Whistler's painting warmly as far as he could understand it, and at the time Swinburne as a poet stood far higher in popular esteem than Whistler as a painter. Swinburne's paper unquestionably did Whistler a very considerable service, and his good intent was ill rewarded by that contemptuous bitter letter in *The World* which was all the public knew of the matter.

I didn't overestimate the importance of the affair, but when next I met Whistler, which happened to be at a friend's table, I suppose he must have felt that I was not so enthusiastically cordial as I had been; for he attacked me with a spice of malevolence. He waited, I remember, till the dinner was finished and the ladies had retired. When the host came up to our end of the table he had Whistler on his right just opposite me. Suddenly Whistler took up something I had said:

"Your appointment as editor of *The Fortnightly* set everyone guessing," be began: "is he by any chance a man of genius, or just another of the able editors, don't ye know, always to be found by the dozen in merry England? Well, we all wondered for a little while."

The guests were all eyes and ears, Whistler's reputation being established.

"Of course everyone knew how a genius would edit such a review after Mr. John Morley. First of all would come a most astonishing number; a reckless criticism of some great painter by a poet; then a poem by a painter, something novel, don't ye know, the caricature of a bishop by Carlo Pelligrini, something unexpected—amazing . . .

"All the world would rush to buy the next month's number; but there would be none to be found; the editor would be resting or in Monte Carlo. The month after, another gorgeous surprise! But no! you've not done it in the brilliant erratic way of genius: every month the review appears regularly, just what one

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looks for, a work of high-class English mediocrity: lamentable, you know, quite lamentable."

Everyone laughed as the master repeated again and again mournfully, "high-class mediocrity."

For some time I tried to parry the attack, covering myself with my youth and inexperience; but Whistler only laughed triumphantly, repeating "honest mediocrity, well-meaning, don't ye know, industrious and all that; but—" and the forefinger pointed the barb.

At length anger gave me bitter counsel.

"Strange," I said, "how your views of art, Master, are echoed in Paris. I was talking with Degas the other day; you know he too is a great painter with a tongue like a whip. I asked him what he thought of English painters, and he made fun of them all: he wouldn't hear of Leighton, or Millais, or any of them, and at last I said, 'But what do you think of Whistler: Whistler surely is a master?'

"'Vistlaire?' he repeated; 'connais pas: jamais entendu ce nom-là. Que fait-il?'

"Of course, I tried to explain how great you were, Master; described your marvellous color-schemes, amazing arrangements: impressions like Hokusai; but Degas only shrugged his shoulders: 'Connais pas—Vistlaire—connais pas du tout!'

"So at last in despair I told him that you, too, were a wit, as he was, with a bitter tongue, an extraordinary talent of speech, the wittiest talker in England.

"'Dommage,' Degas broke in, 'he should paint with his tongue, then he might do a work of genius.'"

Everyone laughed, delighted to see the biter bit; but it was some time before the cordial relations between Whistler and myself were restored. It seemed to me that he attacked his friends as eagerly as his enemies, and I avoided him, not wishing to quarrel with a man of genius, whose work I could not help admiring.

A year or so later, however, we met again casually, and I asked him to lunch, and he accepted smilingly, without a trace of bitterness, *en bon escrimeur*.

If he were inclined to sacrifice friendship too cheaply for a biting jest or witty word, he was very quick to appreciate ability

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even in his enemies. Wherever he found good work, whether art or literature, he praised it wholeheartedly. It was hardly to be expected that his dainty and exquisite Muse should admire the cruel realism of Degas, or the bronze made flesh of Rodin; but Whistler welcomed nearly every high artistic quality, however different from his own striving. He praised Manet and Puvis de Chavannes enthusiastically, and seemed utterly devoid of jealousy. Through his admiration of Chinese pottery and bronzes and Japanese prints and pictures Whistler led the way to that wider understanding of art which is a characteristic of our day. And some of the younger men like Beardsley owed him the frankest and most generous recognition.

Alexander Harrison, the painter, has given the most understanding appreciation of Whistler's real nature:

"I have never known a man of more sincere and genuine impulse even in ordinary human relations, and I am convinced that no man ever existed who could have been more easily controlled on lines of response to a 'fair and square' appreciation of his genuine qualities. When off his guard, he was often a pathetic kid, and I have spotted him in bashful moods, although it would be hard to convince the bourgeois of this. Wit, pathos, gentleness, affection, audacity, acridity, tenacity, were brought instantly to the sensitive surface like a flash, by rough contact."

I think perhaps Whistler's pettiest fault was that he had a poor memory for kindness done. But after all, ingratitude is the mark of all the tribes of man, and I daresay he was no more forgetful of benefits than the rest of us.

For a good many years I saw him from time to time casually. Now he lunched with me; now dined: once or twice I dined with him. But our relations were never intimate. We belonged to different generations, and I couldn't be a disciple and sit at the feet of any Gamaliel.

One day when he was lunching with me, he told me that the Glasgow Corporation was trying to buy his portrait of Carlyle. I was exceedingly glad to hear it, and said so: it was the right thing for them to do. He went on to confess with contemptuous bitterness that they were haggling with him over

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the price. I asked him how much he wanted, and he replied a thousand guineas. I begged him not to take less; assured him I could find some one who would give him a thousand guineas for the picture, if the tradesmen refused it. He was very anxious, pathetically anxious I thought, to know whether he could rely on the money. He seemed a little dispirited. I told him he could make his mind easy on the matter: the money would be forthcoming. On this he brightened up remarkably, and declared that the fillip was all he needed; he knew they wanted the picture and were only bargaining; and a couple of days later he came and told me that the canny Scots had agreed to pay the thousand, and all was settled. He was kind enough to say that it was my assurance which had encouraged him to hold out and so obtain the price.

The next talk with Whistler that I can remember was in Paris, when I went to call on him in his house in the Rue du Bac. The house has been described by others; the exquisite yet effective simplicity of the decoration, and the charming garden, impressed everyone. At length the master was properly lodged, and might be expected to do some great picture.

I found him in a state of dancing excitement over *Trilby*. I couldn't understand his rage with Du Maurier, even when he told me that Du Maurier had formerly been a friend. The quarrel seemed to me altogether trivial. I felt it unworthy of a great man like Whistler to allow himself to be plagued and maddened at the buzzing of such a bluebottle. But I had to listen to the whole story from A to Z, and how it ended with the apology of the publishers, and with Du Maurier's changing his sketch of Whistler into some bald-headed gentleman called Antony, and Whistler's characteristic quip:

"I wired to them over in America, 'Compliments and complete approval of author's new and obscure friend, Bald Antony.'"

He had evidently wasted an unconscionable amount of time and energy over this unworthy attack. Men had treated him contemptuously for so many years, life had been so unjust to him that his temper had got raw: every touch smarted, and he was up in arms and eager to fight to the death for a casual rub.

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When I next called on him in the Rue du Bac, I found him in the throes of another combat; the quarrel with Sir William Eden over his wife's portrait. All the world knows the details: how George Moore introduced the Baronet to Whistler to paint the portrait of Lady Eden; and how Sir William Eden took upon himself to pay the price he thought fixed, without consulting the artist, who had done, not a pastel, as was first arranged, but a very charming portrait in oil of Lady Eden, an arrangement in brown and gold.

It would have been more dignified of Whistler to have paid no attention to the Baronet, and his attempt to slip his valentine of a hundred guineas into the artist's pocket; but once again Whistler's combativeness came into play: he persisted in seeing intentional insult in everything, and in spite of all one could do, fought on to the bitter end: he couldn't speak of the Baronet without mentioning his "brown boots." At length he went so far as to destroy his own work, and the result of the sittings which Lady Eden, who certainly was an innocent person, had granted him: painted out her face, and went into court after court over the matter, only to be condemned at the end as in the beginning.

He begged me, I remember, to write on the matter, and to please him I did write an article in *The Saturday Review,* taking his side, which from a high point of view was perhaps not justified, and was certainly unwise, for thereby I made myself bitter enemies without affirming Whistler's unstable friendship.

My last meeting with Whistler was destined to be unpleasant. I had again and again heard him speak of Mr. Walter Sickert with liking, and even appreciation, as a capable craftsman. Accordingly, when Mr. Sickert came to me with an article about lithographs, setting forth that Whistler's lithographs were made on paper, and should not be called lithographs, I looked upon it as the trivial correction of a friend, and didn't dream that Whistler would feel hurt, much less insulted.

Forthwith, he or Mr. Pennell brought an action against me as editor of *The Saturday Review.* I could scarcely believe that the matter was serious, but I soon found that Whistler was prosecuting the affair with his usual energy.

One day meeting Mr. Heinemann, with whom Whistler hap-

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pened to be living at the time, I told him how silly the whole matter was, and how unpleasant: said that I regretted it all, and would not for the world have hurt Whistler in any way.

Mr. Heinemann said he would try to settle the quarrel, and a little later very kindly invited me to meet Whistler at dinner. I went, and took the occasion to tell Whistler just what I had told Mr. Heinemann, that the whole dispute was trivial, that I wouldn't willingly have done anything to hurt him, and that if I had suspected any malice in the matter, I should never have published the article. He told me I must get Sickert to apologize. I replied that I couldn't ask Sickert to apologize; he would be sure to refuse; and showed him that in his desire to hit Sickert he was really hitting me, who after all had been a friend.

"It can't be helped," he said perkily; "it'll have to go on, then; it'll have to go on."

I shrugged my shoulders; wilful man must have his way.

The trial was full of amusing incidents. Mr. Alfred Gilbert showed such virulence of personal enmity to me that the judge ordered him to stand down; and Whistler had as his chief witness Mr. Sidney Colvin, of the British Museum, who aforetime had been his butt, and was always coupled by him with 'Arry. The jury, after being out two hours, brought in a verdict of £50 and Whistler won his first law case, this time against one who had always been a friend and admirer. He didn't damage Sickert in any way, but if his crowing over the result was any consolation to him, I am glad he had it.

I must find room here for a gibe of Whistler's which, so far as I know, has never been published and yet is both characteristic and witty. When Mr. Theodore Watts, Swinburne's friend and housemate, took the name of Dunton, Whistler wrote him simply: "Theodore, what's Dunton?"

I have set down these acerbities and put them so far as I could in a fair light, not because I have the faintest wish to accentuate the little faults of a great spirit, but simply because Whistler's prickliness illustrates a truth too generally ignored. If ever there was a talent which should have been immediately appreciated in England, it was the talent of Jimmy Whistler. No people love beauty as the English love it. Here was a man of

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genius whose sole aim and striving was the beautiful. He had no feeling for even greater things, none for sublimity, none for the tragic fates which often overwhelm the innocent, none for the great revolt which is the essence of all the higher spiritual life. But beauty he loved with a passionate and exclusive devotion; the English should, therefore, have welcomed him with open arms. Yet instead of admiring the man who was a genius after their own heart, they treated him for thirty odd years with such indifference and contempt, that at length they bred bitterness in him, and high disdain to balance their foolish neglect.

Toward the end of his life, when his powers were at their best, this great artist and man of genius wasted his time and talent in unworthy and absurd quarrellings. He neglected his art and allowed his gift to humanity to be diminished, in order to gratify his vanity and temper: he had come to "his own and his own received him not," and he preferred to punish rather than to forgive. I have no quarrel with him on this account. The idea that the artist should accept insult and injury in the guise of criticism with slavish submission is worse than absurd. The wrong only begins to be righted when revolt shows the aggressor that his wrong-doing is apt to recoil on his own head: it is the duty of the artist or man of letters to teach the critics and professors that reverence for their betters is the proper attitude. No one finds fault with Dante for distributing his enemies over the deeper circles in hell; why should one condemn a Whistler for pillorying 'Arry or S-C? And if the artist has been so baited and insulted that at length he wastes too much energy on his unworthy assailants, who shall blame him?

Whatever heat is engendered by the passage of a star to its ordained orbit should be attributed to the resistance of the medium through which it passes. It would be wiser, of course, for the Master to climb to Spakespeare's level and learn never to

> ". . . . prefer his injuries to his heart,
> To bring it into danger."

But it is only the very greatest who are able to take "the buffets and rewards" of life "with equal thanks," and after all

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in this world-old quarrel between the genius-teacher and his hearers the chief fault is always with the hearers.

The British public would do well now to consider their ways while it may yet be time and begin to treat their artists and writers, the modern seers and prophets, a little better.

At heart, Englishmen are all Robinson Crusoes, adventurers and colonizers. They are full of admiration for the man of action and of respect for the athletic virtues, and especially for obstinate courage. But they have no inkling of the qualities necessary to make an artist, and they treat the greatest of the sons of men with a contemptuous pity that is really a measure of their own blind insensitiveness and want of imagination. They read of an explorer's struggling to reach the Pole with breathless enthusiasm and mourn his death in tears thrilling with admiration, but they read of Ruskin's brainless and insulting attack on Whistler with delighted amusement, and when the crowd of academic nonentities ran together in the law-courts to bait the man of genius their sympathy was all given to the crowd of envious dullards.

They know not what they do.

Let us try for a moment to look at the matter from the standpoint of the artist. Almost the first thing that struck one in Whistler's attitude was the fact that though he was of Anglo-Saxon race and had lived by preference in London, he missed no opportunity of gibing at English estimates and English standards of value. He was painfully conscious that his artistic ideal was at variance with English conceptions of art, and the conventional English view of painting as a sort of colored photograph of some beautiful scene or person excited in him nothing but pity and contempt. And this disagreement spread into all departments of life. He despised the materialism of the race, the courage that was usually self-interested and all too seldom chivalric, and above all, the honors showered on respectable greedy mediocrities. He illustrated Shakespeare's wonderful phrase in the *Timon:*

> "'Tis well with every land to be at odds."

He was at odds with both England and America, was indeed

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an exile and pariah everywhere in this world, lonely and despised as the great artist seems fated to be.

In later life Whistler concentrated his affections on his wife, and when she was taken from him his chief interest in living died. He was too keen-sighted to have any illusions about a life beyond the grave: the undiscovered country to him was blank annihilation, and this black background cast a shadow over the world and intensified the misery of personal loss. A daring spirit, set to sadness and despair, the main spring in him was always a high resolve to do the best with his extraordinary endowment.

No hero, no leader of men has ever displayed a more intense devotion to the ideal, or a more desperate resolve to do his uttermost at all costs. Whistler may stand as a type of the great artist for many a year to come. A man has no foes so obstinate as those within him, and more than other men the artist is plagued with those infernal adversaries: he is filled to the mouth with greeds, and vanities, and passions. The ordinary man wants comforts and security in life; the artist wants these and all the luxuries as well, bronzes, ivories, enamels, paintings, armors, tapestries, prints—everything curious and beautiful, and he wants them as aids to his own striving. Where another would be rich, he is poor. And while borne in this way hellward toward self-gratification, by an urging which is intertwined with what is noblest in him, he must resist at all costs the devil; and more than other men give himself to the ideal in order to bring himself as near perfection as possible.

Take the conflict at its simplest. Whistler saw that the more personal his art was, the better it became, and with the intuitive certainty of the great artist he began with a master's economy to simplify the symbol. At once the academicians burst out at him: "he can't draw"; just as Reynolds talked of Blake. It was Whistler the innovator, Whistler at his best that was most hated. It is hard when at variance with everyone to persevere in a desperate undertaking. It needs a Columbus to go on unperturbed in spite of sneers and insults on this side, hatred and contempt on that. And at the same time the artist must possess a nobler temper than is required of the explorer. He must not only believe in himself absolutely and go on working, in spite of

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insult and hatred, but he must work joyously, for if once he falls to anger or bitterness with his surroundings his work will suffer.

Let us try to see Whistler's character in the proper light in connection with his work, and let us take the extremest example of his so-called conceit. One remembers the story of the lady who coupled him with Velasquez, assuring him that the only two sacred names to her in the whole history of art were Whistler and Velasquez.

"True, true, dear lady," remarked Whistler sadly; "but why drag in Velasquez?"

Everyone laughs at this and sneers at the conceit; but there is nothing conceited in it. *Why drag in Velasquez?* is merited reproof. "Velasquez is dead; his work done; gone beyond our praise or blame for ever; but I, Whistler, am here doing the modern work: why couple me with the dead? Why drag in Velasquez?"

Whistler's power of self-criticism was at least as vigorous as his conceit. The other day a letter of his was sold at Sotheby's, a letter to Way, his printer, about some lithographs of his portrait of Count Robert de Montesquieu. Here is his judgment of his own work:

> "The portrait is damnable! I don't mean the printing, which is even as good as the thing to be printed was bad: and that is saying a lot. No, my drawing or sketch or whatever you choose, is damnable, and no more like the superb original than if it had been done by my worst and most incompetent enemy. I hope to heaven that no one has seen it. Now wipe off the stone at once, at once sending me one proof on the commonest of paper of its destroyed state, and also every trial proof you may have taken, that I may myself burn all. There must be no record of this abomination! It is neither for catalogue nor posterity, and is the folly of proposing to produce the same masterpiece twice over. Why should one? Ridiculous! Now on the other hand, the last little draped figure is delightful, and beautifully printed of course."

What do you think, reader, of the passionate complete self-condemnation? And even now you don't understand perhaps

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the greatness of it. Whistler needed money to live and work: here is a banknote, so to speak.

"Tear it up," he cries, "the work is not my best: I'll not live by it; tear it up, let no replica of it be seen: I'll go hungry rather than give anything less than my best."

No adventurer, no Columbus ever needed such high resolve, such noble courage. Let us come to a final test.

At fifty the English law made a world-wide benefactor a bankrupt, and Whistler's home was sold up; his pictures given away for a song: his household goods all dispersed and lost. His mother was weak and needed the comforts of money. He took her to a good home in a watering-place, and then, paint-box in hand, sallied forth to Venice, when past middle age, to build up another home and incidentally a new fame. And the artist's courage is not that desperate unhappy dour resolution that a Carlyle looked on as the ideal: it is a smiling joyous happy valiance. Whistler knew that happiness was needed for his art, and he kept his joyous wit undisturbed. The story of it is one of the great stories of the world. Nothing finer, nothing more heroic has been told of man. His creditors had put a man in possession of his house in Tite Street, Chelsea. Whistler clothed him decently and used him as a servant. At the end of the week the man came to him to be paid.

"I have nothing," said Whistler; "I thought the creditors paid you. At the moment I can't pay you."

"What am I to do?" cried the man; "my family are hard up, they want the money."

"Very terrible," exclaimed Whistler, "terrible. I'm sorry. I'll get you the money by next Saturday: I'll paint something."

"But that won't do," said the man. "I must have some help now."

"I can think of nothing," said Jimmy, resolved to pawn something rather than not help: then the quick intelligence rippled into a smile; "I can think of nothing, but why not put a man in possession, then you'll be able to get along."

That's how the artist has to face life: the wit is exceptional, but the heroism is common enough. Just consider it.

The pains of motherhood are often excruciating; but suppose

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the mother were told that she must conceive in joy and bring forth not with groans but with smiles and witty stories, and at the same time use every endeavor to make each child fairer than the previous one; what should we think of her trial? There is no courage in the world to be compared with that of the artist.

To me Whistler is the perfect type of the great creative artist. I think of him as essentially modest. Asked by a foolish Attorney-General how he came to put £200 on a picture he could paint in a day, he replied: "Because it took me a lifetime to win to that mastery." The barrister who often got more for doing nothing found fault with the answer. He and the foolish judge both agreed that the picture was not worth the money: this very picture condemned by Ruskin and jeered at by barrister, judge and jury, has had an eventful history. The picture then belonged to Mr. Graham. A few years after at his sale at Christie's it was knocked down amid hisses to a Mr. Harrison for sixty pounds. A little later still, at the close of the London Whistler Memorial Exhibition, it was bought for two thousand guineas by the National Arts Collection Fund, presented to the nation, and now hangs in the National Gallery. Surely, when they come to understanding, the English will begin to honor the great creative artists and not the gnat critics and penguin professors.*

* This sketch will be included in Mr. Harris's new book, *Contemporary Portraits,* which will be published in November.

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LOVE THE PILGRIM

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

TOBIAS TREWIDDEN was dying. The young doctor who had just bought the practice in Venvin heard of the man for the first time from a carrier who had brought him a stock of bottles and a note from the invalid, asking him to call as soon as he could.

"They say he do look like a living corpse," said the man.

"Has he no relations?" asked Dr. Bligh.

The carrier laughed. "He don't belong to we at all," he said, "though his misdoings hang fast on him here as well as twenty mile off."

"No friends?" queried the doctor. Roger Uren tossed his head.

"He's ill whisht, sure enough," he answered, "and a power of evil follows wherever his shadow do fall. Everyone be scared of he."

"If he's ill surely some one must see to him," said Dr. Bligh.

The carrier shielded his pipe with one hand as he lighted it.

"No neighbor for miles round would come nigh him living or dying," he said, "for fear of hell letting loose more than could be captured again. He'm ready made for the place and only needs a push and he'll be home."

"I shall go to him at once," said Dr. Bligh. "Where does he live?"

"On the moors beyond the Giant's Crag, sir. He be far from human habitation and makes use of spells and such. I'd sooner carry goods for a twelvemonth for nothing than minister to he for diamond studs and a fortune."

Ernest Bligh was interested. His medical career, short as it had been, had proved to him that the complexities of human nature defied the hard and fast dictates of either science or religion. That same afternoon he cycled over to Tobias Trewidden's little cottage and knocked at the door. As there was no answer he lifted the latch. A tall thin man was asleep in a chair and his head was down in his folded arms which were

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spread out on the big wooden table. A small black cat was asleep across his neck. Dr. Bligh shut the door softly. By the open fireless grate were empty cages and bottles. The doctor had no time to examine further, for suddenly the man raised his head and the cat arched herself and sprang to the ground.

"Good-morning," said the doctor. Tobias Trewidden stood up and the quick eyes of Ernest Bligh saw that the man was doomed.

"I came as soon as possible after you wrote."

Tobias held out an almost fleshless hand. "Thank you, sir, you're welcome, I'm sure," he said, and he pointed to a chair. As Dr. Bligh sat down the cat jumped on his lap. Tobias smiled. "They'm forthy," he said. "I've taught 'em to fear nothin', and it's generations of 'em I've trained in the way of the spirit."

"Good gracious," said Dr. Bligh, critically eyeing Tobias. His short sojourning in the west had already convinced him that mysticism was not always akin to madness and that superstition had a substratum of scientific truth. But when Tobias Trewidden talked about his cat as if it were a mortal possessing a soul he began to observe him more keenly. Perhaps the enemies of this invalid were right. Poisons in the blood made fantastic havoc in a sensitive brain and the eyes proved that this man was not the average type. It might be a case worth noting. As he stroked the cat on his knees he said thoughtfully: "Human beings are in the rough as yet but you can't prove to me, for instance, that the kindliness of a dog could be so trained that he'd spare a rat."

"Iss! I can!" cried Tobias. "I've taught a terrier pup to play with rats same as I've made cats and dogs friends as well as birds and reptiles. It 'ave occupied me for years and I've put down in a book there," pointing to a shelf where a few odd things were lying, "what I've seen in the way of friendliness between they as be reckoned enemies. It 'ave occupied me most of my time lately, but I've put them to sleep for fear they falls later into human hands."

Dr. Bligh instinctively glanced at the long tapering fingers

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of the cat's owner as he stroked her head. Tobias caught the look.

"Mine be mostly claws now," he said, "and so be safer, in a manner of speaking. Animals be real gentry," he added thoughtfully.

Dr. Bligh looked into the mystical eyes of the man standing over him.

"Is this cat all that is left?" he asked. As answer Tobias pointed to a little white box lined with soft wool. The doctor lifted an interrogative finger first at the cat and then toward the box.

"Iss!" he said. "I can't risk it no longer. If I pass and she be left to human society may be a bull-terrier would finish she or some one might mix her up with me and act according to."

"Good heavens!" said Dr. Bligh. "Have you no one you could trust to kill a cat?"

"Not in a seemly way," said Tobias. "A cat be like a witch and knows the secrets. Fur be no barrier to me. I sees as she sees and the adders 'ave made the Bible an open book to me. It was through the Scriptures I charmed them into safety and friendliness."

"What was the charm?" asked Dr. Bligh, as he put his fingers on the man's wrist.

Tobias grew very grave as he spoke solemnly.

"The charm would be broken by telling," he said. "If so I lived to catch another adder it would sting, for some things be unforgivable even with reptiles."

Dr. Bligh, with an expressionless face, took his fingers from his patient's wrist and undid the button of the flannel shirt as the man stroked his cat.

"I'm scarcely fit for burial," he said. "It's a cage of bones I've been for long enough."

"How many years has this been coming?" asked the doctor in his most professional voice.

"A matter of eight," Tobias said. He looked straight into the doctor's eyes. "How many days now?"

For a perceptible moment the two men looked eye to eye. Ernest Bligh hesitated. His habit with his patients held him

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silent and perplexed; but something in the keen blue eyes made him blurt out, "Not many, are you nervous?"

The expectant blue eyes had grown almost merry.

"We'm all in hell, sir," he said, "and they"—pointing to the cat—"might have the worst of it."

"Your lease is nearly run," said Dr. Bligh.

"Thanks be," said Tobias devoutly. "I've not sought it nor yet hurried it, but if the lawful hour be come it's a real savor to my spirit."

Dr. Bligh stood up and pushed Tobias into a low chair. He took out his stethoscope and put it inside the open shirt.

"Ninety-nine," said Tobias smiling. "I learnt that at the hospital years ago."

"Thank you," said Dr. Bligh, after he had finished his examination; "you must go to bed at once and be nursed." The cat was licking the thin hand as she stood on her hind legs and leaned against her master.

"They've all done that since they was three weeks old," said Tobias. "It's a comfortable and kindly practice."

"Shall I destroy her?" asked Dr. Bligh, kindly, "or will you give her to me, when—when——"

"Thank you kindly, sir," Tobias said. "You mean well, but it's best as I puts she to sleep as nature, by and by, will put me." He pointed to the empty bottles and cages. "Them captives I've had in there be released afore me for the same reason as I'm going to put the cat to rest. Adders and toads and rats and all them things I used to reckon only as vermin have ministered greatly to my faith. They'm comradely when you understand their ways and full of dignity and a great courage. It's become a habit to me to try and live as they live, and to struggle to die as they belong to die. They'm likely here for a purpose and it seemly gets frustrated by them as be full of lustful pride because they don't wear fur nor feathers."

Dr. Bligh turned toward the door.

"Have you taken any physic?" he asked. "Your cough must be very trying."

Tobias smiled.

"Physic," he answered, "to my mind be a passil of nonsense.

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A man's thoughts be his best physic, and when he comes to die the state of his gut will tell what manner of life he's led in mind and body. My dead beasts have shewn me that. The mothers head the class as they give most of theirselves away."

"I will call again to-morrow," said Dr. Bligh laughing, "and you shall tell me more."

"Thank you, sir," said Tobias. "I've allus a little leeky broth ready for warming or a cup of tea, if you'd not take it as an insult."

"Only glad," said Dr. Bligh, smiling at the man's offer as he cycled off. He rode to the vicarage, hidden among lovely trees in the large garden.

"Passon be out but missis be in," said the old cook-general who opened the door.

"May I see her?" asked Dr. Bligh.

"Iss! surely!" said Wilmot. "Come forward please."

When inside the library Dr. Bligh suddenly turned to the servant. "Do you know a man called Tobias Trewidden?" he asked.

"Lordy! Lordy!" cried Wilmot. "Do you mean the Wizard of the Crag?"

"Why such a title?" asked the doctor laughing.

Wilmot's face was very solemn. "His house reeks with witchcraft," she said, "and they do say that the Devil himself 'ave been seen peering out of his chimley more nor once."

"He's ill," said Dr. Bligh. "He's dying. Some one must nurse him."

"Let 'im rot," said Wilmot. "It's tit for tat at last, anyway." With this cryptic sentence she left the room to find her mistress.

Mrs. Hewett came in and greeted the new doctor with a smile.

"I've just been hearing your praises sung," she said. "Old Nancy Nancleda declared you've cut a bit out of her headpiece and altered her brains so that she can add up and write a long letter to her son in America."

Dr. Bligh laughed. "If I live here long I shall have to open my own headpiece," he said, "in order to make space for

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all the wisdom I pick up as I go along. I've come to ask you if you know anything of a man called Tobias Trewidden?"

Mrs. Hewett sat down and so did her visitor.

"That man," she said, "is the problem of this village. My husband says it is a clear case of possession and he forbids me to go near him."

"Goodness!" cried Dr. Bligh. "He seems the most harmless consumptive I've ever seen. He's near the end, anyway, very near, and I don't think it possible he can live more than a few hours."

"Nothing, according to report, is impossible to Tobias Trewidden," said Mrs. Hewett. "It almost seems as if evil doing, as well as good, could work miracles."

"But what has he done," asked Dr. Bligh, "that everyone seems against him?"

"Everything," said Mrs. Hewett, "according to report. It appears he was always unlike anyone else from a small boy."

"Name the worst," said the doctor smiling. "I'll promise not to jump out of my chair."

It was some time before Mrs. Hewett spoke. She wiped her thin lips once or twice with her handkerchief and took off her ruby ring and put it on again.

"They say he practises black magic," she said at last. She spoke in a whisper, looking toward the door.

"It was about a baby first," she said, "and there have been strange rumors about a woman. We don't know the real truth, but the evidence seems against him."

"But the law," gasped the doctor. "Surely no one can do such things with impunity. I feel convinced it's a great deal scandal."

"Where there's——"

"Excuse me, dear Mrs. Hewett," said Dr. Bligh; "in my limited experience there's more often flame without any smoke, and if I can trust my intuition at all I believe this is a case in point. I want a nurse for this man at once. Can you tell me where I can get one?"

Mrs. Hewett wrinkled her brow. "This is a Christian village," she said gently.

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"So I understand," said Dr. Bligh.

"You won't find a God-fearing man or woman in it to stay alone with Tobias Trewidden," she said.

"Good God!" cried Dr. Bligh. "Not one?"

"Yes, perhaps one," said Mrs. Hewett, suddenly. "There's Biddy Beaver, the netmender. She's very deaf and it might have been too tedious a job for the neighbors to have told her all that is said about Tobias Trewidden. Here is her address; but she lives out beyond the cemetery."

Dr. Bligh took the piece of paper, thanked Mrs. Hewett and went away. He did not go direct to Biddy. Instead he went to a widow he had treated free of charge for a serious tumor and whose gratitude had been expressed many times by saying that if she could not pay him in hake she would in herring.

"Now," he said to himself, "I'll claim the herring."

Widow Rasselas was washing. As the doctor entered the back gate, her elbows in the wash-tray were covered with soapsuds. She wiped her arms and led the way into her cottage.

"It's lonesome sometimes, doctor," she said, "and I washes for washing's sake, to keep me company."

"I've got a cure for loneliness," said Dr. Bligh. "I've a patient sick, dying, in fact. Will you nurse him for me?"

"Iss!" said Widow Rasselas. "I dearly love the sick and feeble."

"It's Tobias Trewidden," he said. The widow fell back against the cottage wall.

"He?" she cried in a high interrogative. "My blessed Father in Heaven!"

"Are you afraid of death?" asked the doctor.

"Death!" she echoed; "not me! I'm more used to corpses, in a manner of speaking, than gentry, but I'd never venture near he."

"I should have thought a good mother, like you, could venture anywhere," said Dr. Bligh.

"He've been a woman tamer, I've heard," said Widow Rasselas with wide open eyes, "and be as bitter as lemon rind over all of we. My man, afore he died, said as only men among theirselves could say what a passil of women he must have

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ruined when he was young and afore he came here to live or the talk would never be so fierce against him."

"He's dying," said Dr. Bligh.

"Well," said Widow Rasselas, "he can't never get to heaven."

"Why not?" asked Dr. Bligh.

"Heaven," said the widow emphatically, "be a prepared place for prepared people. Tobias Trewidden will be in hell and safe from all of we, and we from him."

Dr. Bligh looked into the woman's face. "He's there here," he said.

"It's his own fault," she snapped. "What about they wives they do say be in the county asylums same as he've snakes in pickle? It's them tales as 'ave scared even youngsters."

"Rubbish!" said Dr. Bligh. "The man's face gives the lie to all these idiotic tales."

"Thanks be," said Widow Rasselas, "I've never looked upon his countenance but once, and then not to know exactly whether he was pockmarked or had even a beard. Yes—come to think of it though, he had a beard when he first come. Lizzie Annie, what be buried these five years now, made her father laugh some hearty when he was lying in bed ill with the miners' complaint. 'There's a man come to live in Tommy Widden's cottage that have got fur all over his face,' she said." Widow Rasselas came closer to the doctor and ended in a whisper. "I'd not be frightened but what he's got the hoof too and the stump of a tail. Sin be forgivable but witchcraft must be shunned same as poison."

"How many chapels are there in this village?" asked Dr. Bligh irrelevantly.

"Three," said Widow Rasselas: "so we know of the doctrine."

"Good-bye," said Dr. Bligh. "I'm going home herringless. I came to ask you for the one you promised me long ago."

Widow Rasselas laughed happily.

"So I did," she said. "But as it happens I've a bit of newly caught hake in the larder so please accept of it."

With self-satisfaction written all over her sunburnt face she

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brought a small parcel from her scullery and put it in the basket which was tied to his bicycle. As he rode away he called out gaily, "If it makes me sick, Mrs. Rasselas, I won't put it down to witchcraft."

"You can't touch dung and remain undefiled," she murmured as she went into her cottage again. She was sure she had come across that in the Scriptures, and, she added, "everyone must see to it that they keep their own petticoats clear of mud."

Dr. Bligh made his way to Biddy Beaver. She was mending a big pilchard net outside her cottage door. The doctor made signs and she got up and curtsied. She handed him paper and a pencil. He saw hope for his cause in the kindly wrinkled face with the clear brown eyes, which seemed to be listening for what the ears could not hear. He wrote down what he wanted and watched her reading it. She shook her head.

"He 'ave the evil eye they do say," she said. "Bein' unable to hear I'd be afraid, so though wanting money, I won't undertake the job."

"Three shillings a day," wrote Dr. Bligh.

She read it, smiled, licked her lips slowly and then said eagerly: "For double I'll favor you."

"To-night," he wrote, "at seven I'll be there and write down all you have to do. It's so simple, and if he can't talk, so much the better as he is very weak."

She nodded as he left the cottage.

Dr. Bligh happened to have an unusually busy day when, tired out, about six o'clock he entered Tobias Trewidden's cottage.

"To bed at once," he said as he realized what his patient had been doing. The box with the wool inside had gone and a spade was lying on the floor.

"I never thought I could care badly about anything again," said the man. "She licked my hand to the last. I put her to sleep same as the doctor put me when I'd the head fever. I'd kept the stuff in case I'd ever need to stop the violent pain again. She'm comfortable now." The man's eyes were alight with pas-

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sionate eagerness. "No one won't be able to maul she when I'm gone."

"You really must go to bed," said Dr. Bligh. Suddenly a thought struck him. "I'll heat up some of that leeky broth for you," he said.

Tobias staggered to a cupboard and took out a large jug, and drew a saucepan from a shelf near by. He lighted a small oil stove. "You needn't trouble," he said; "the leeks are all cooked and it will be ready to oncest. I've made use of them for gargles and supper and general maintenance for weeks with a crust of bread and milk."

When he had poured out the strong smelling broth into a basin the doctor pointed to the staircase.

"While this is cooling," he said, "slip into bed. I've brought you a draught and we'll have you rubbed by some one soon."

In less than ten minutes Dr. Bligh went upstairs.

"Sir," said Tobias, "it be a sweet savor to me that you ain't afraid of me and will minister to me like this 'ere."

There was a knock at the door.

"That's Biddy Beaver come to sit up with you all night," said Dr. Bligh.

Tobias leaned forward suddenly.

"A woman!" he cried. "In God's name, what next?"

Dr. Bligh went downstairs, but it was not Biddy. As he opened the door a small boy handed him a piece of paper. On it was written: "A little thing would cap size Biddy. The money would be ill got. No." The boy touched his cap and ran off. Dr. Bligh hesitated before going upstairs. He sprang up at last like a boy.

"I didn't like the look of that nurse," he said smiling, "so she's packed off. I'm going home to do some dispensing and then I will return till the morning. Sleep till I come."

Tobias felt over the bed clothes and then lay back.

"The cat be allus a standby at twilight," he said. "She'm well on the journey by now and knows the great secrets."

Dr. Bligh held out his hand. Tobias took it and said in a whisper. "You might be one of they dumb lot you're so gentle, sir, but maybe you've not heard the talk."

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"Damn talk," said Dr. Bligh.

Tobias laughed.

"It's Genesis to Revelation for disaster," said Tobias. "I'm careless of it now, but I'd dearly love to know you're a match for it, sir."

"Take this," said Dr. Bligh, handing Tobias a cachet, "and sleep till I come. I'll leave the door on the latch."

The moon was rising and one star was in the sky as a witness. The big fuchsia tree in the little garden did service as a yew tree over the newly turned patch where Tobias had buried his cat. The fuchsia bells swayed in the soft south-west wind. Dr. Bligh stopped a moment to listen to the swish swash of the sea in the distance. When he returned he found Tobias Trewidden still asleep. He put his fingers softly on the man's pulse and smiled. Tobias stirred, turned his head and looked at his new friend.

"That was balm to my spirit," said Tobias. "And the sign was in the dream."

"What sign?" said Dr. Bligh.

"Of a new daybreak," he said, "and of spirits made manifest."

Dr. Bligh poured out some liquid food and handed it to Tobias.

"You've had a rough time," he said. "No wonder you don't dread the end."

Tobias smiled. "What sweetmeats be to children," he said, "and kisses to maidens, death be to me."

"What began this?" asked Dr. Bligh, pointing to his patient's chest. Tobias coughed.

"Worritin' afore I'd made use of the ways of the spirit," he answered. "It sent me into a sleepless decline with wrestlin' night and day with misfortunes."

"Don't talk if it tires you," said Dr. Bligh.

Tobias leaned on his elbow. "It would be an easement," he said. "I miss they dumb things. They knew it all without condemnation."

"Was it a woman?"

"Seemly, a passil of them," said Tobias, "and battalions seemed to be whisperin' and interferin' too."

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The doctor eyed Tobias a little sternly.

"Wild oats?" he queried.

Tobias coughed till he could scarcely speak and then went on slowly. "It fair chokes me with the laughableness of that there," he said. "Excuse me, sir."

Dr. Bligh was curious and puzzled.

"I'm in my thirty-one," said Tobias, "and when I were twenty I were as gay as a robin on the bough. I began as a shepherd boy and then went as a milkman to my cousin as was a farmer and it was then disaster overcame me." He looked keenly at the doctor. "If I eases my chest of all this you won't mouth it in the place, will you? The truth would maze 'em worse than the lies they've built up."

"Not a word to a soul," said Dr. Bligh. "It may help you to—to——"

"Pass," said Tobias gently. "So it will."

"If you've anything on your mind or remorse about something," suggested the doctor, "just speak out as if to a confessor."

After another fit of coughing Tobias went on. "There's nothin' in that line, sir. The only remorse I've got is that I've made too much use of the Gospels and so got more kicks than halfpennies. As a minister once said in chapel, 'It didn't do to make use of Christ's words as he meant 'em but according to.' The human heart in me 'ave often quailed before the outbreaks as 'ave come by livin' the word instead of listenin' to the doctrine."

"That's not so," said Dr. Bligh. "The big man dies for the truth, though the little one only stones him to death."

"When I was shepherding," said Tobias, "everything seemed of a piece. It was all wonder and glory and the lambs and the clouds and the hills and even dewdrops in the early morning fell in line with the Scriptures. When a maid gave me her heart it was just the same. It was compassed in what I'd learnt o'nights from the moon and the stars. Even when the first disaster fell it was like the sleet and the thunder and a power of things I'd grown to see the meanin' of in winter and spring."

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"Poets pay their price, it is said," interrupted Dr. Bligh, as he laid the man back on his pillows.

"I've learnt the secrets though," said Tobias, "and they pan out wonderful near to what nobody 'ave ever taught me but the dumb beasts and the flowers."

"You never married?" asked Dr. Bligh.

Tobias smoothed the sheet with his thin hand.

"Only in a manner of speaking," said Tobias.

Dr. Bligh stroked his moustache to hide a smile.

"You see," went on Tobias, "it was a slip and miss job altogether. We was plighted on St. Patrick's day, but before the next one came round ruin was on us. Perhaps it 'ave all been for the best. When I was shepherding it was the darkest nights when the stars was brightest."

Dr. Bligh wiped the perspiration from the tired face as the man went on slowly and with more and more difficulty.

"Love 'ave never been a pastime with me," he said, "but a world of meanin' same as the Gospel itself. The maid I never married was the one I'd known as a lad and kissed as a youngster and she be still the woman of my dreams. She was best off to leave me be. What else could she do? The thought of her sweet manners comes over me like a flood when I'm alone with the dumb ones."

"She left you?" asked Dr. Bligh.

"They all did," said Tobias simply. "There was seemly nothing else to do. I nearly left myself same as mad folks do. I don't fancy I'd reckoned with the make of the world nor of them in it. I'd lived in fancies and make-believe."

"What pulled you out?" asked Dr. Bligh.

"A baby," said Tobias.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dr. Bligh. "Are you a father then?"

"Only in a manner of speaking," said Tobias. "It was like everything else about me, a half and half thing and a betwixt and between. The baby was a dead one when I had it to see to. All the tribulation and trials over it 'ave allus made me feel a bit as if it was my own. That, and having its mother to tend same as a child."

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Dr. Bligh propped the invalid up with his pillows.

"Don't trouble to recall it," he said as he moistened the purple lips; "it may hurt you too much."

"I'd like you to know, sir. Oh! it's just fine havin' this handshake afore I goes round land. You see, how could anyone do anything but shun me? It's no blame to them as can't see in the darkness like a cat."

"Tell me all about it," said Dr. Bligh. Tobias sat up and leaned toward his new friend.

"I was delivering milk one morning," he said, "when a woman came out in a terrible fluster and begged me to stay in the house while she ran to tell a neighbor to fetch the doctor. No sooner was she gone than the maidservant called me from upstairs and asked me for the love of God to go to her. I never thought nothin' but just tied the pony to the gate and ran up and it was all done afore you could say Christmas. 'Tobias,' she said, for we'd been to school together, 'go to that box and take out a parcel and bury it or drown it 'afore night-time. It's my dead baby. Be quick or I'll be a ruined woman!' I trembled like a willow in the wind. I couldn't move. 'They'll hang me if you don't,' she said. I was like one in a trance, but I was in the cart before I knew where I was, with the little dead worm beside me, and Mrs. Sandow back in the cottage. That morning I gave the customers all wrong measures and change and entered things forth and back, for the thought of the little baby confused my mind. I felt the parcel again and again but I'd no stomach to open it."

The doctor handed a cup of milk to Tobias. "The police should have dealt with it," he said.

"So they did, later," said Tobias. "That night I tried to bury it in the garden when it was dark but I smelt a neighbor's tobacco smoke over the hedge and felt he was taking notes. At last I got on the mare as drawed the milk cart and galloped to Tommy's Pond which lies dark and low amongst a lot of tall trees. I threw the parcel in at last. I heard a splash near by and a dog was after it. I jumped in, scarcely knowin' whether I was in my reasonable senses. Sandy, the ratting terrier, had followed me. I fought him in the water but it was no use. He

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swam to shore with the thing in his mouth and I after him. The moon had got up by then and we were met by two constables on the bank. It appears they'd been on the look out all day."

"What an infernal mix up," said Dr. Bligh. "Surely you could prove your innocence?"

Tobias laughed.

"Seemly, that's the last thing as anybody who be in the right can do," he said. "It's what folks thinks you, not what you really be what makes or mars you seemly. They told me my best plan was to be silent. It appears they fathered the child on me and the girl wouldn't deny it seein' as the real father were a family man with an honest name to support. There was nothin' but talk and fuss for days. All the neighbors believed I was the murderer and I only escaped in the end because the doctor said as the little lungs of the baby had never had no air in them and it must have been born dead. If it had been born alive they would 'ave brought it in as manslaughter. That saved me the rope. The minister and the magistrate and the clergyman talked it over, it seems, and they said if I'd marry the girl and make her honest they'd dismiss me with a warning. I said I was bespoke to another girl. This dragged her dear name in it all and she were fetched."

The purple lips were so parched, Dr. Bligh moistened them and raised his fingers.

"Wait a bit," he said. "Hearing this is painful enough; the telling is enough to kill any man."

Tobias went on in a whisper.

"If I could have spared her I'd have sold my soul to the devil, but somehow they got me fast when they wanted me to leave she and take another. When I could bring myself to look upon she, I saw she was scared and tormented like a rabbit with the dogs right on it. When they asked she if I was her sweetheart she looked like to drop."

"She said yes, I hope," said Dr. Bligh. "The worst woman comes out true blue at these times."

"I'm sure she would have if it had been any way possible," said Tobias softly, "but I gave her no real chance. Women

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surely be like the ewes in a storm, ready to rush to any shelter if the gale be too fierce. Afore she'd time to answer I called out what came into my head like a swear word. 'The child be mine and I'm willin' to marry the mother!' After I'd said it I could have cut my tongue out. It was just my sweetheart's eyes full of terror and dislike as she looked upon me, as did it. But the balm of the Holy Spirit fell on me and I knew I had given she the fullest of love's tokens. I had died, in a manner of speaking, that she could live. Even if she never knew the truth something of the meanin' of the great love we'd spoken of in the shepherding days would lighten her heart. I never saw her no more after that. They carried her away, for she fainted with terror and sorrow."

Dr. Bligh blew his nose as he said almost gaily, "You're a fine sporting chap, Trewidden. So you married?"

"Iss!" said Tobias, "but it were never nothin' but tendin' of my lawful wife night as well as day. Her nerves were destroyed, they said. She upbraided me for my part in it and talked continual of the dead baby. She told the neighbors I beat her and kept her short of victuals." Tobias laughed softly. "She were right with that last sure enough. It were hard work to even make cinder tea or skim milk sops, for I lost my job. At last I came here because they said the sea salts would cure her and I happened to fall in with a vet at Pinover who boarded out extra cats and dogs he'd no room for with us. Their cries were often put down by the neighbors to me beatin' of my wife. The old story got out with more put to it and a nest of adders would have had more reasonable chance than we had of a peaceful life. She died at last of a long-named chronic pain in her head, and her death was unholy and tempestuous. I've no call for remorse, sir, for I tended she as if she'd been the other woman."

"Since then," said Dr. Bligh, "you and the animals have been the best of friends."

A light broke over the dying man's face.

"They and the holy spirits," he said. "When the world have been most darkened for me strange lights came as if from

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the stars and the moon and the rainbows. It's been a great home-sickness, that's all."

Dr. Bligh bent over the dying man.

"You'll be at peace soon now, Tobias Trewidden," he said. "Give me that woman's name and address and let me tell her the truth at last."

Tobias tried to raise himself but fell back.

"The truth must surely be in her heart," he said, "and will keep till the Judgment day. The lies as 'ave festered in them as be my enemies don't count, but love never harbored a lie. She loved me true and it would only wound her to know what it's all spelt to me. She were wonderful tender, you know."

Dr. Bligh bit his lips.

"It must have been a living death," he said.

"Not with love to support me," said Tobias, "and I did dearly love she." The tired eyes closed. "Don't fret she. She've been married these nine years and has four children."

Dr. Bligh felt the man's pulse and whispered: "Trewidden, leave me free about this matter."

A faint smile accompanied the whispered answer:

"Sir, I do trust you as if you was four-footed."

The distant bark of a dog was the only sound as Tobias Trewidden passed into a rigid peace. Dr. Bligh opened the window wide and waited a moment. A robin and a thrush were on the little grass plot. The robin hopped on the bushes close by. It suddenly sang as the doctor closed the door and left the cottage.

A few days after Dr. Bligh, partly from curiosity and partly from a desire to do justice to the dead, went to the address Tobias had given him. He found a row of villas and "The Laurels" was in the middle. A few straggling chrysanthemums did duty for laurels and two terra cotta dogs with open mouths and lolling tongues guarded the grained door on which the doctor knocked. It was opened by a dowdy maidservant with loose red hair and a cap supported chiefly by her left ear.

"Is your mistress at home?" asked Dr. Bligh.

"Yes," said the girl. "Step in."

Dr. Bligh was ushered into a little best parlor and left there

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to ruminate for some time. He heard voices upstairs and much shuffling of feet. The ships of blown glass on the mantelpiece, the stuffed birds under a case and a stuffed squirrel on a stand were the largest ornaments in a room given over to knick-knacks of every sort and kind. A small piano, whose top was covered with photographs of men and women in stiff clothes who were smiling in their hearty way, stood in the corner. The door suddenly opened and the woman of Tobias Trewidden's dreams entered. She was full busted, tall, and with a double, if not treble chin. Her self-satisfied eyes looked a little puzzled as she came toward her visitor.

"Forgive my intrusion," he said, "but I'm a doctor." He bowed. "Dr. Bligh of Venvin. A week ago I was at the deathbed of Tobias Trewidden." He paused. She put a plump hand to her forehead. He noticed how deeply the wedding ring was embedded in her flesh.

"I thought you would like to know his end," said Dr. Bligh.

A giggle was the answer.

"This is The Laurels," she said, "and I'm Mrs. Albert Tremayne."

Dr. Bligh coughed.

"I know," he said. "Once, I believe, you were to have married Tobias Trewidden."

She paled and her plump hand clasped the other in agitation.

"I'd fair forgotten for the moment," she said anxiously. "Bert, that's my husband, can't abide any of that mentioned. He says he must have been a blackguard from birth and he don't even allow me to speak of him, that's why"—she spoke apologetically—"I didn't fall on the name all at once."

"Did it never strike you," asked Dr. Bligh, "that he was faithful in spirit to you and innocent of all the crimes laid to his charge?"

The woman laughed.

"Go on," she said, familiarly. "It was all proved. And even if it wasn't it was a poor enough job anyway. When Ma and me come to look into things we found he'd saved nothin' at all and he'd always have been a worrit. His face spelt dreaminess and crotchetiness. 'Mary, my Handsome,' Ma have said

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to me many a time, 'it's just been God's Providence that you've wedded a man as can drive a hard bargain and who doesn't grumble at his victuals.' The woman tossed her head and smiled. "Bert be some dapper, I can tell you, and the four children takes after him."

Her face beamed with pride.

"He's saved a pile already besides bein' insured in four clubs. He can wear a gold watch chain with the best and he's a scholard, too."

"Listen," said Dr. Bligh, leaning forward and looking keenly at Mrs. Tremayne. "Tobias Trewidden was a fine scholar, too!"

She tossed her head.

"As far as I can remember," she said, "he never even wrote me a single love letter. Bert began, I own, with ruled lines, but he ended like a gentleman born and never made use of crosses for kisses. Tobias was dust and ashes by the side of Bert."

Dr. Bligh got up to go.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Tremayne," he said. "There was nothing like that when I saw Trewidden last. Just flame—all flame."

He raised his hat as he went out of the little garden.

Mrs. Tremayne hurriedly called her maid into the parlor and the two peered behind the long muslin curtains.

"Sarah," she said, "that surely must be a madman, like one I knew years ago. Don't tell Master he've been here and if he comes again say I'm dead and buried."

It might have been the truth judging by the open mouth of the horrified drudge.

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AT THE FLOWING OF THE TIDE*

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

"Wise hearts are full of ashes: better flame!"

ARTHUR UPSON

[*Prefatory Note:* Art, when it comes into creative contact with a dream which is true, most often tends to project its images in the form of concentric and ever-widening circles, tokening in their outward journey the aspirations of the soul; and I believe that if we are permitted to turn these aspirations intensely inward, as Raftery was permitted to do for the many wandering years of his life, we shall come at last through the narrowing borders of sorrow to the deep-burning core of beauty which is timeless in its joy. The essence of such a journey is sameness, expressing itself in a tidal recurrence of ebb and flow, the stress of which is to be reflected in the cadence of the phrase.

Now since the moment of life in which this mystery exists is poised between memory and desire, it lives outside the bounds of time and space, when it lives at all, in a land where there is no shadow and no history, and where every beautiful dream comes true. In life, tradition tells us that Raftery did not find happiness, and so I have violated history to win for him the fruit of his desire. Whether the poet wove through the years this golden nest for his love I cannot tell, nor whether the beauty of Mary Hynes lived only in his song. But this I know, that the symbol of beauty for which she lives to-day in the soul of Ireland has been woven into just such a golden nest by many wanderers since Raftery died, and it is this spiritual truth only that I wish to claim for my dream.

I am gratefully indebted to Lady Gregory and Dr. Douglas Hyde for their English renderings of Raftery's two songs.]

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PERSONS: A Blind Minstrel
An Old Woman
TIME: Christmas Eve many years ago
SCENE: A village in the West of Ireland

[*A poor cottage lit only by the turf-flame, which flickers, save at moments when attention is tensely directed toward the speakers. Then it should not distract the interest of the audience. It should be just bright enough to define clearly the face of an old woman sitting before it with a rosary in her hands. She is feeble and life has not gone softly with her, but her features have the grace of lost beauty, and her voice is soft and musical. Opposite her is a vacant chair drawn close to the fireplace, which is on the right. In the rear to the left a practicable door, opening inward. Rough table and chairs centre. The silence of the room is vaguely troubled by the low murmur of the woman's prayers. At last she lets her hands fall upon her lap, and looks far off into the firelight. Presently she speaks, bending over the glow*]

OLD WOMAN: Yes, it's a sure word and a true word he said to me the day I was a girl in my father's house. Sight do be a fine thing surely, and the Lord gives it to some and to others not, but it is youth in the heart that he would put on us and we would but take it. What way now should I be and I a young girl with the face of beauty would lay a spell on poets and on all those who are wandering the grey roads of the world?

[*Turning and sitting back in the chair with her hands joined that she may look gently within her heart*]

I mind well the time in the spring, I to be a girl with great praises on me that would put a shining light round the woman of Greece, rising up early in the day. And there was a grey mist thin on the hills and away far off on the sky the kindle of the dawn. It was on a flat rock that I knelt there then, alone as I am now—no one by but the presences, and in them as in me was silence,—silence only.

[*She pauses*]

It is lonely with the happiness I was then, and myself rejoicing

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till I felt the joy of God on His throne of glory with the song that was put on me by Raftery,—he who is gone wandering these long years on the highways of the north.

[*Absently playing with her rosary*]

And it is lonely *now* I am, as the Lord do be sending loneliness on the old, and I sitting here now, and waiting—waiting for the dawn. Little I knew of him then, he who was always calling me, but now I wait for the song of him who put song on *me*. I'll be going soon now, please God, and then we may praise Him together—two of His creatures. Poor and broken I am, and there's little beauty on me now or in the day of my death, but maybe He'll have pity that He'll lay it round me after in the day of judgment to meet my praiser there and he knowing me then by his song.

[*Faint knock at the door. Wrapped in her dream, she does not hear*]

Fine he was with the springing step on him that was knowing the roads, and his two legs the eyes he had to guide him and his song over the dark places in all times. Indeed it was the whole world who said it, he to be the great poet and a seeing man.

[*Knock once more less faint. She hears, pauses to listen, then rises slowly, and totters feebly to the door*]

[*To herself*]

Who is it now would be knocking at my door this night of the year? Some poor stranger, 'tis like, would be as lonely as myself, and it is the hard Christmas we'd have then,—nothing for it but prayers, and they too going for naught.

[*Knock a third time*]

Whisht now, stranger, I'm coming surely, and let you not be perishing in the cold.

[*She opens the door*]

A Voice Out of the Darkness [*faintly*]: The blessing of God on this house and on all who are in it this Christmas eve.

Old Woman: And on yourself, stranger, that it may be a joy to you to-night and all the days of your life. What is it now you'd be wanting out of the dark of the night-time?

Voice [*gently*]: I am a poet seeking shelter.

Old Woman: Oh, the poor singing man! Come in now out of

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the chill. God knows it is the little I have, and that poor and broken like myself, but it is yours surely and you destroyed with the travel, I'm thinking, this night.

[*An old minstrel enters, travelled and weary, carrying feebly and with great effort two long boards and a fiddle. He seems very ill, and talks slowly and in soft tones as if living in a dream. The old woman gently leads him over toward the hearth and seats him in her chair by the fire*]

MINSTREL [*feebly*]: May Heaven reward you and have pity on the old!

OLD WOMAN [*as they pass the table*]: Let you lay these boards down on the table and your fiddle beside them, and I'll be making you a sup of tea the while you are resting by the fire.

MINSTREL [*clutching the boards and fiddle tightly*]: It'd be a wrong thing surely and I with my work to do yet before my going.

OLD WOMAN: Well, then, let you sit down here and be taking your ease, for I do be thinking it is a hard thing indeed you to be an aged man wandering the roads even with your fiddle itself to be a kind of company in the chill of the night-time.

[*Busying herself about his tea, she sees his face for the first time in the glow of the firelight. It is worn and seamed, and he is sightless*]

God save us, stranger, and is it dark you are?

MINSTREL [*with sudden intensity*]: Dark, is it you're saying? Ah! no, but if you could be seeing the light of my eyes, you would know the shining flower of the world and the song the holy angels do be singing all times before the golden chair of Mary in the heavens above.

OLD WOMAN: Well now, let you take it kindly, and here's the sup of tea will be warming you maybe, and you seeing stars by the fire.

MINSTREL: If you are blind itself, it is you are the kindly maiden, and maybe you'd be after knowing the end of my search. Tell me now, young woman, for there's grace in your voice, is it near I am or far to the place called Baile-Laoi where lives the one I'm wishful to find, and indeed it was

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hoping I was I would be after seeing her before this night of my life?

OLD WOMAN [*puzzled, but secretly pleased at his mistake, and anxious to humor him*]: Not far indeed, for I'm thinking it's yourself should know it is in Baile-Laoi you would be this blessed moment, and [*with a shade of wistfulness in her voice*] no one in it I wouldn't be knowing as well as my own face in the glass.

MINSTREL [*rising quickly*]: And where is she to be found? Tell me quickly now, for I must be going. Young she is and fair of feature, virgin bright of the gold-mist hair. . . .

OLD WOMAN: Whisht, now, rest you here awhile, and not excite yourself, and maybe she would soon be coming in if she's real at all.

[*She pulls the chair over to him, and he sinks back in weakness and seems to forget*]

MINSTREL: Ah, it's forgetful I am and I an old man, but maybe I dreamed of her only, she the bright flame of my darkness. I was thinking there was none living or dead under the arch of the rounded sky who came near her for beauty, and the soul of her to be in me from the crown of my head to the soles of my journeying feet. . . .

[*Pause*]

I mind an old song now, that I heard long, long ago before the dark days of time. It's a strange thing that. . . . Whisper now, and tell me did I hear it after, or was it a deep forgotten story on the day when I was born?

[*He commences to sing in a trembling voice snatches of a song to the accompaniment of his fiddle*]

There was no part of Ireland I did not travel:
From the rivers to the tops of the mountains,
To the edge of Lough Greine, whose mouth is hidden;
But I saw no beauty but was behind hers.

Her hair was shining, and her brows were shining too;
Her face was like herself, her mouth pleasant and sweet.
Mary Hynes is the pride, and I give her the branch.
She is the shining flower of Baile-Laoi.

[*At the first note the old woman has started and shows strong signs of emotion, which however she represses that she may*

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hear the rest of the song. When he pauses for a moment, she can contain herself no longer]

OLD WOMAN: Was it from him you learned that, stranger? Oh, isn't it the pitiful thing to be waiting, waiting all times and nothing in it at all but the echo of a song!

MINSTREL: Echoes only. You speak truth, young woman. It must be an old song that I heard far away when I was young. The years are a drifting thing to put mists round a man. . . . It was a chilly road.

OLD WOMAN: It was feeling red warmth then I was, and you singing starry praises, the way it would be a flaming angel of the Lord bringing down news to me from the skies above.

MINSTREL: And did no one ever put praises on you so, for it's the golden voice you have and you going softly on your two feet over the floor?

OLD WOMAN [*intensely*]: Praises I had would lay dumbness on the lips of poets and I a young girl. [*With a change in her voice*] But there's forgetfulness now and he leaving his song behind like the tread of a heel on a dusty road.

MINSTREL: That was a bitter and a cruel thing, and what way was it if I might be asking? I had it in my mind there was the like of that hiding somewhere in the dark places of my heart . . . or was it the light itself? Young she was and fair of feature, virgin bright of the gold-mist hair, and his name, they used to say, was Raftery. Ah, well, I must be going forth soon this night, and my work to do yet before me. I'd thank you kindly, maiden, if you'd be getting me nails now and a hammer for the planks that I have with me.

OLD WOMAN [*to herself*]: Is it fey he is, the poor man? Sure now where could he have heard the praises of me, and he whispering them, no doubt, walking lonely across the red winds of the west? [*To the minstrel*] I'd run out and get them surely, stranger, you to keep singing the forgotten beauty of the world by my fire.

[*She throws a shawl over her shoulders and, after reassuring herself as to his comfort, goes out into the night. The minstrel meanwhile has carefully laid down his fiddle beside the chair and is measuring the two planks by one another with fumbling*

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fingers. Presently he lays them down again as if satisfied, and drops back into his dream]

MINSTREL [*out of the past*]: A cold hard road it was, though I am thinking it is the end of it now. . . . I was fearing it somehow, not knowing the way. Times I would be walking the wet shore of the north, and nothing in it that you would meet or hear but salt tides ever washing dark edges of the world, and maybe the moaning of black winds of night that would be sweeping all hills and valleys, until you would be after feeling there was maybe no life in us at all but the ebb and flow of great winds and waters.

[*Little by little he forgets himself in the hush and the warmth of the firelight. There is continued silence in the room. Presently Mary Hynes enters with hammer and nails, and softly lays them on the table. At the sound he rouses suddenly*]

MINSTREL: Oh, is it yourself at last, Mary acushla, come to be warming me now with the flame of your soul?

MARY HYNES [*with startled, smouldering hope, ready to burst into flame*]: In the name of God, stranger, who is it that you are to be calling me by my name?

MINSTREL [*sluggishly*]: . . . Dreams, only. I was forgetting that I do be old. But I'll be singing my name to you gladly, for it is yourself is the reverent, courteous maiden. [*With a flash of memory*] I am minding it now, though a while since I was thinking I had lost it on the road.

[*He rises and feebly adjusts his fiddle. As he sings he moves slowly toward the table in the centre of the room*]

I am Raftery the poet,—
  Full of hope and love, . . .
With eyes that have no light,
  With gentleness that has no misery.

Going west upon my journey—
  By the light of my heart. . . .
Feeble and tired
  To the end of my road. . . .

[*As the truth slowly dawns upon Mary Hynes in all its certainty, she trembles as a reed shaken by the wind. When Raftery pauses before the second stanza, she essays utterance, but he continues his song, and her wonder is content to speak in*

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silence. A fiddlestring snaps, and at the close of the song Raftery sinks into a chair by the table, and buries his face in his hands. Mary Hynes leans forward across the table, clutching it for support]

MARY HYNES [*profoundly*]: Is it yourself who is Raftery, stranger? I had it in my mind that I knew him long ago.

RAFTERY: Raftery? I was knowing that name, but they were after saying Death to have come for him one night in the chill of the year. . . . Death, you were saying? Yes, I have met Him on the road. He is a pleasant, soft-spoken Man. He was telling me just now that if I'd knock here, I'd be finding that which I'd been seeking all the days of my life. I'm thinking He was a herd from the voice of Him. It was He came with me and led me to your door.

MARY HYNES: For what are you wanting the hammer and the nails?

RAFTERY: We stopped a while down below at the house of a carpenter. He bought me these boards, and said I'd be wanting them here in this house. I'll be after making it now.

[*He goes feebly toward the fire, and slowly returns dragging the boards, which he lifts with difficulty upon the table*]

MARY HYNES [*fascinated*]: What is it that you would be after making with these boards?

RAFTERY: A smooth tasty box it would be that would laugh at the wind and the rain.

[*He becomes absorbed in his task, and Mary Hynes watches him fearfully. He lays the boards across one another, so that they assume the rough shape of a cross; and, as he speaks, one by one he drives three nails into the boards*]

RAFTERY: I met a Shepherd on the hills to-night, and in the light of Him I could see His Face all shining with the sad glory of bursting stars, till the hot tears fell from my eyes. I asked Him the way I'd be going home, and He took me by the hand, till I had come to this door of grace. "Knock at the door," He bade me, "and when it shall be opened to you, wait there for Me within until the hour of My coming." I am thinking now it is time, and I'll be waiting at the door to meet Him.

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[*He rises and stumbles toward the door, with the heavy burden of the cross upon his shoulder. Halfway he pauses and listens as if for a sound. Reassured by what he hears, he lays down his cross on the floor in such a way that it points from the table to the door. Mary Hynes has crossed over to the hearth, and after a pause advances slowly toward him. They are parted by the cross*]

MARY HYNES: Is it here He will be finding us now? I am fearing the wonder of His footstep, it to cross over the threshold.

RAFTERY: Listen now, and you'll be after knowing His music, for I am hearing it come upon the winds of dawn. Shivering the world is at the beauty of it, like a naked child born in the snow and the cold, with great rushing in the stars beyond. Weeping light I am hearing and it close to my ear, the way it would give us great fear to think of it singing in the ears of men and maidens the like of us. Look now and you'll be feeling the stir of it and the deep shining heart I love in it praising in tune with all singing worlds.

[*Groping toward her with the awe and wonder of his vision*]

But what woman of God is it that you are, this to be coming to us both—the rushing torrent of day itself, and it weaving all beautiful things that do be in life into a golden nest for its Love? Meshy it is with the dew and the coolness of the wheeling planets, the way you'd be knowing all starry worlds to be turning into music. A singing flood I feel, and it coming steady and free for the One behind it, and ringing the way before, a messenger to us. And the burning angels of the living song coming to whisper low for the fear and the trembling that is in us two, to be warning our hearts to have joy, for, as sure as there is life and beauty in the world, God in His glory is on the wing this night.

[*As he speaks, there is a rushing in the winds beyond, distant at first, but drawing nearer and nearer until the close of his speech. Raftery's voice rises exultantly on the emotional flood, but is always gentle, measured, and controlled. Mary Hynes slowly sinks to her knees as her soul is borne on the tide. At the silence of his voice, the door opens to the winds beyond.*

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All at once they cease and there is a great silence. Waves of naked light stream through the door upon the kneeling figure of Mary Hynes, until her face shines in idealized beauty. There is a conscious Presence in the room with them, and Raftery adores. Raising his eyes, he is young again, and life is at the flood. He sees Mary Hynes in the beauty of her youth, and, when his voice comes, it trembles on the silence]

RAFTERY: It is on the steeps of life I am finding you, Mary, Mary, my heart. Bright wonder trembling on the lips of God. It is that I am seeing in the young eyes of you, Mary, and you with the lovelight in them of the Holy Virgin's eyes, and waiting maybe for the day of peace when you will be holding God in your arms, and crooning low songs to Him in the courts of Heaven.

MARY HYNES [*smiling in rich exultation*]: Songs I am hearing, to be sure, and you to have taught them, the way they would be flowing out on the silence and the little Jesus smiling to hear them. Bright wonder indeed! But it is on you, too, I am seeing it, so soft it is I am knowing great wings of angels to be hiding you in their warmth.

RAFTERY [*wonderingly*]: What beauty is it has come on you the day? Beautiful as the stars you were, long, long ago in the world, but it is only now I am seeing your face to be the top step itself of the Throne.

MARY HYNES: And I to be seeing the white soul of you, and it to come streaming forth a river of light, flowing over the dark places in my heart. And far out on the hills they are seeing it, and lilies blowing in the cold.

RAFTERY: It is little and poor I am to set beside the like of you, the way I should be only a low trembling little flame before the holy altar of your heart.

MARY HYNES: Sun-radiant is your soul with the love in it, and the mantle and shadow of Christ about and above you.

RAFTERY: It is feeling I am that the wing of Mary, breast of the Son and Mother of the world, do be fluttering above us two, poised and trembling fresh from the quiet Heart of God.

[*Mary hears only the voice of her own soul*]

[*After a pause*]

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MARY HYNES: Beneath the twilight of the Fruit of thy womb, Holy Mary, I place his beautiful soul.

RAFTERY [*without hearing*]: It should be a bright crucifixion for me this day, now I am seeing a great wonder of the wonders on high, knowing that in the young heart of you the Son has hidden the three palmfuls of the Secret Three.

MARY HYNES [*awaking to their common wonder*]: It is the silences are mantling us now, and in them I am knowing of God that now on this day when the world is born again, the Soles of His holy Feet have reached down to the earth.

[*The rushing now little by little fills the room, and is borne in upon them both, till they float upon its waves. And so, knowing that the hour is nigh, they wait, kneeling for the birth which shall announce to them their own. There is silence in their hearts, and the world is waiting. At last, the faint voice of a trumpet, far off on the lonely hills*]

RAFTERY: The stars pour forth their wine.

MARY HYNES: And the earth casts its bread upon the waters.

RAFTERY: I see the beautiful soul of you, poised in a drop of naked light.

MARY HYNES: I see the beautiful soul of you, a drop of naked light it is and my soul in it only. Trembling we are with the love of it on the edge of eternity. . . . When shall we be falling?

RAFTERY: It is soon we shall drop together when Eternity comes to Time.

[*They live in the silences*]

MARY HYNES [*finally, very low*]: Let us offer our bread and wine. . . . To the bosom of the Father, to the bosom of the Son, to the bosom of the Holy Ghost, on high, near, and eternal, with the ebb and the flow, as it was, as it is, as it ever shall be, with the ebb and the flow. . . .

[*The trumpet calls a second time, near at hand*]

RAFTERY: The bread of our hands and the wine of the stars—they are laid before the throne. See: there is silence in the hosts of heaven. . . .

[*They await the sacrifice in the pregnant silence. All at once,*

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the trumpet sounds for the third and last time, terribly near, but soft, by the open door]

MARY HYNES: I breathe the Blossom of the living God.

RAFTERY: Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter into my house: say but the Word, and my soul shall be healed.

MARY HYNES: May our two souls, O Lord, rest on Thy Arms outstretched on the cross for us.

RAFTERY: Behold, the handmaid of the Lord.

MARY HYNES: Be it done unto me according to Thy Word.

RAFTERY: And the Word was made Flesh.

MARY HYNES: And dwelt among us.

[*They are silent, rapt in adoration. The world is transfigured. Raftery raises his eyes happily, and meets those of Mary Hynes. With joy in his heart for dread of the new wonder, he hardly dares to whisper*]

RAFTERY: Unto us a Child is given. Come, let us adore.

MARY HYNES [*with a smile of knowledge*]: Now shall we be going to Him together across the edge of the world. I heard a poet who had travelled far beyond the water to the land of the north sing from his heart in this place one day of the days: "The end of all meetings, parting; the end of all partings, peace." The spirit of the elements close over us, ever, eternally. Amen.

[*As the curtain slowly falls, Raftery rises with his fiddle, and, raising Mary Hynes, who has signed to him, they fare forth together through the door of light into the land of Happiness. As they disappear, the Light shines steadily on the cross*]

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ATALANTA AND MELEAGER

ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

UP Broadway, asphalt quivered in the sun; Columbus Circle was a maze of midsummer light. Above the cubical massed buildings to northward, above the angle of greenery marking the entrance to Central Park, the June sky shimmered like a canopy of bright blue China silk.

Professor Trevenor, coming out into the Circle from the southward side, found a crowd gathered around the *Maine* monument that he had made the trip up from his hotel to see. With his attention fixed on certain material entities that might run him down, he tacked across the plaza and added his tall, austere figure to the outskirts of the crowd. A young woman was making a speech from the highest of the three stone steps that ran up to the fountain at the monument's base; she was outlined against a granite likeness of the prow of an old Greek warship extending out into the fountain basin beside her.

Professor Trevenor cupped a hand behind one ear, for the years that had whitened his beard had touched his hearing also, and made out that she was demanding votes for women.

"Well, well!" he murmured. "Modernity—O modernity! A suffragette!"

She was tall and straight, athletic, clean-cut, vigorous of speech and movement. A toque of brown straw, with a single brown feather along one side, sat her head in helmet-like simplicity. Her brown tailor-made suit followed the lines of her slim figure; but for the feather and a white touch of lace at her throat she was little more decorated than a man would have been if concerned with the same business.

Professor Trevenor started to move past, for standing tired him and he had not rested well in his Broadway hotel room the night before.

"Surely work, responsibility, is the soil the best fruit springs from!" cried the girl, with fervor that pierced his lethargy of limbs and hearing. "We demand a larger share in the world's work—more responsibility—and more reward!"

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He wandered on into the Park.

"The past and the present," he muttered: "a girl talking for women's rights—demanding to vote, to take her place with men—against the stem of a trireme!"

Light June breezes fanned his beard, motor-cars whirred past him, swaying on delicate springs. He sat down to rest on a park bench, idly turning over scraps of old myth, poetry and philosophy in his plenished brain.

An indefinite time later he was struck by something familiar in the figure and carriage of a girl approaching along the sidewalk. His thoughts had wandered far afield by that time, but before she reached him he recognized her as the speaker of the fountain.

A young man walked beside her; as they passed Professor Trevenor they looked at each other, and the glance that passed between them was like a throb.

"Now I wonder," murmured the old man, watching them with far-off tolerance and friendliness, "what *he* thinks of her advanced ideas?"

Nevertheless, the interruption had annoyed him. He arose and walked, flicking at the sunshine-mottled sidewalk with his cane. Presently he came to a dim little bypath that led up, through a copse of dogwood and barberry bushes, along a ridge of rocks; he took the path and came out on an open knoll. A wide green meadow lay below him, and a little lake, all shimmering in the sunshine.

A bit further on was a bench; there he would be undisturbed.

He sat down in the shade of the oak trees overhanging the bench, and closed his eyes. His mind revolved a tragedy of Euripides, one of the lost tragedies; but the story of it had been preserved, and a few fragments full of beauty and philosophy.

"Perhaps I decided hastily," he murmured. "Perhaps it is all old, old—there is nothing modern—and nothing incongruous——"

* * * * * * *

It was Greece, a part of the little wooded peninsula-principality once called Calydon, a sun-steeped hillside of the Golden Age

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of the most golden land. The midsummer air was faintly limpid-golden, and richly fragrant, like honey: goldener for the gleaming blue of the sky, the gleaming white of a few large clouds, a distant flash of the ever-present deep blue Ægean Sea.

On a little open knoll of the hillside two boar-hunters, coming from the June richness of the underwood on either hand, met and saluted each other with lifted palms.

"This is good fortune, Atalanta!" said the one.

"Would Prince Meleager hunt with a woman?" asked the other.

The young man called Meleager grounded his short boar-spear, laying the blade of beaten bronze along his right shoulder. His close-fitting, sleeved tunic was of woven wool, dyed dark green like the underwood in shadow. His leggings were of soft brown leather, looped around with white thongs; his strong brown knees were bare. On his feet were buskins of heavier leather, tied with thongs and soled, like a sandal, with doubled bull's hide.

He stood silent for a little time, looking at Atalanta with love as frank as the outpour of the sunshine. His eager brown eyes swam with delight in her; his clean-chiselled sun-browned face glowed with a light as warming as that which played over the crisp brown ringlets of his bare head.

Atalanta made restless movements with her hands, and glanced out toward the copse behind him as if she would go; but nevertheless she remained.

"The men hunters have all chosen different paths, on the other side of the hill," she said, sharpening her words with a little scorn. "Would Prince Meleager hunt with a woman?"

"I would hunt with Atalanta!" said Meleager.

As she stood, in calmness and pride, before him, her head was on a level with his own, even though his was borne higher than most men's; and she looked over his shoulder into the woods beyond. On her face was the poignant beauty of Helen's lineage, made firm and vigorous beyond the wont of Greek maidens, even of the maidens of her native Sparta, trained in the accomplishments of men. The level blue eyes held no hint of faltering, nor of coquetry, nor even of gentleness; rather they

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seemed hardened to discern and meet some ever-present challenge from the world.

She asked suddenly, bending the blue indifference of her eyes hard upon him: "You would hunt with me—for some unworthy reason?"

He seemed inspirited, made glad, by her look and question.

"If love is unworthy!" he cried; "and if it is unworthy for me to believe that Atalanta knows no less of hunting than do the men hunters!"

"For the sake of your second reason, I forgive the first," said the woman, continuing to look at him, although without sign of the slightest softening. "I came to Calydon to hunt your famous boar, answering your invitation; I would not hunt men—nor be hunted by them."

"Then it is the part of wisdom for me," said Meleager, "to show my admiration for your knowledge and skill, and keep well concealed my admiration for your beauty—for both admirations are strong in me!"

"Beauty has no place at a boar-hunt."

"I could argue that!" he protested; "but I will not. Instead, for evidence of my admiration of your skill which vies with that of men—do you choose the path we shall take, and bring us to the boar!"

For the first time she gave proof that she could smile a little when the world's challenge was relaxed. "I have given thought to the matter," she said, "while your men were pouring libations to the gods—and to themselves. If Prince Meleager will take me for his guide, perhaps he will fare as well as if he had followed his men."

She lifted her broad-bladed boar-spear and walked toward the side of the copse from which he had entered, and Meleager's eyes were on her face as she passed him. After she had passed him, his eyes were on her still. He walked behind her in the narrow woodland path she entered, smiling at the surety and speed of her progress.

She was tall and straight, athletic, clean-cut, and vigorous and straightforward of movement as she had shown herself vigorous and straightforward of speech. A cap of soft brown leather,

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with a single brown hawk's feather along one side, was set on her head in helmet-like simplicity. Her green woollen tunic, broad-belted above the hips and falling halfway to the knee, followed the lines of her slim figure; except for her hawk's feather and the length of her thong-bound leggings, that reached up to cover her knees, she was little more decorated than a man would have been if concerned with the same business. As she walked, the copper rivets that studded her buskin soles glinted among the last year's leaves on the path.

The wood steadily opened before them; with greater trees, the undergrowth was higher and thinner, and the sunshine filtered down through a wide, high, blue-violet gloom. The dim path led downward, over great logs green and black with decay, through sweet-scented fern-clumps of an eerie brilliancy of green, past colonnades whose columns were the century-old boles of beech and oak trees. Atalanta glided on with a swift, easy hunter's step that was almost a run. Meleager, following step for step, breathed deep for their speed, and for joy in her beauty and litheness, and for pride that she had not scorned to parley with him as he had seen her scorn to parley with other men.

When the opening wood made it possible, he quickened his stride and rushed up beside her; step for step he held the pace, even though he walked on the soft unbroken loam of the forest while Atalanta walked on the firmer footing of the pathway.

"This great boar of yours, leader of the wild swine of Calydon," she said, seeming suddenly to notice his presence beside her, "is it such a monster?"

"So those who have seen it report," said Meleager, calmly despite his quickened pulse and breath.

"And of all your notable hunters," said Atalanta, "gathered from far and near—not one took the trouble to look over the ground before the hunt was started?"

"'Too much preparation,'" quoted Meleager, "'spoils the sport.'"

He felt, rather than guessed from the quick aversion of her face, that she was stung by this slight on her foresight.

"As true as most proverbs," she retorted.

They spoke no more for a little time, and Meleager again

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fell behind as the way became oozy with hidden water-springs under their feet. They were coming down into the valley, into the neighborhood of the stream that widened there over a muddy bed, lined far on either side by impenetrable thickets of willows and creepers and swamp-growths of twisted and blackened grotesqueness. Atalanta left the path and ascended a bit of higher land from which a great grey rock stuck out like the back of some monster half-buried in the soil. The stealthy silence and soft noises and ponderous gloom of the forest pressed in upon them.

She sat down on the rock and pointed to a patch of sunlight that found entrance through the tangled boughs of beech and swamp-oak over their heads.

"Here we will wait until that patch of sun creeps up to the rock," she said.

Meleager stood before her, leaning on his spear. He calmed his heart with deep, slow breaths, and saw with pleasure that Atalanta's breathing, also, was quickened.

"I have heard that, in trials of speed," he said, "you have often borne away the palm, even against men. I can well believe it!"

"And is there anything wonderful in that?"

"Why will you deny that it is wonderful? It is because of that wonder, in part, that I love thee!"

She rebuked him with eyes as cold as the Ægean in winter. "And trouble enough your love has cost me already!" she said. "Your mother Althea hates me, and her two brothers, your uncles, would have had me forbidden the hunt. You knew that they shamed me with taunts before all the assembled hunters?"

Meleager ground the butt of his spear into the earth, and flushed dark red, and trembled for sudden rage. "They still live," he said; "I did not know!"

She was neither disturbed nor softened by his youth's boast; rather she seemed the more contemptuous and hardened against him. "I complained not to make you utter vain threats," she said. "It irks me that the living of my own life as my own soul decrees should bring dissension wherever I go! Why am

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I taunted with recreance to the loom, the water-pitchers, the petty little cares of the home——"

"I have not taunted thee!"

"I speak now of larger matters than me and thee. Althea taunted me with all these things: and with childlessness—but should I wed—which I pray Artemis be not soon!—shall I be less fit than they who live dim lives in little rooms? My children shall be higher in their hearts! Surely long days of hardihood and of achievement dearly bought, in man and woman equally, are the soil the best fruit springs from! One life strong and brave, one weak and low—what issue shall they have?"

Meleager put up his hand to stop her rushing bitterness. "Thy words must have come upon my mother with much familiarity," he said, "for I have spoken to her in much thy way. Of two strong souls, I said, how good the flowering and the fruit should be! See, Atalanta, I have set myself to win thee! No one but knows, now, that I will have no other Queen!"

She cried out upon him: "And no one now but hates me and would wish me dead sooner than Queen in Calydon! Why have you set snares to catch me?"

"You have some of the reasons, but the best may be——" He was silent a moment, hurt and yet gladdened by the rebellion of her that bore witness to the strength of his snares. "Because golden Aphrodite touched my heart with great love; for at sight of thee, Atalanta——"

"You have said more than enough! By Artemis——"

"But listen!

> For at sight of thee, desire
> Leaped in me, as the leaping of a sweet, keen fire
> New-made of balsam boughs, between white stones—
> A sacrifice to thee and God at once!"

She sprang up, hot, flushed, impetuous, accusing him with her eyes. Her voice broke from her harsh and quivering:

"I will not listen! Snares, snares! O Aphrodite, bitter and merciless—I would be free, to do my work, to share with men in matters the world holds worth doing! I will not be a homebound wife in little Calydon!"

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"Thou shalt be free—thou shalt——" he cried; but she would not hear.

"Come, now—we will not wait for the sun," she said, turning from him. "The beaters are at work on the far hillside; already I have heard their cry. Perhaps the swine drove will come sooner along the runway I have found between the oak-mast on the hillsides and the mud-wallows by the river. Come, let us hunt the boar—O Artemis, let us forget this unworthiness!"

"I follow, Atalanta," said Meleager, and saluted her with his spear.

She hurried across the little stretch of higher ground, and down through doubtful footing toward the thickets by the river. From far away, carried on the west wind, came the sing-song shouting for the beaters for Prince Meleager's hunting party:

"Io, Io! Io, Evoe! Evoe, Evoe!"

Atalanta led on slowly over ground softened by oozy springs and the spring rains. Presently she turned and beckoned Meleager to her side. Her face had calmed and whitened, but as he came up to her, his eyes on hers, their double glance throbbed, and she looked away.

"There in advance," she said, pointing, "is a bit of firmer ground, rising a little above the rest, where one may find good footing; and over it comes the runway that the swine-drove, as I have found by watching, is likest to follow. As Prince Meleager's guide, I bid him stand there and meet the great boar as he leads to the safety of the river-thickets. I, as a good retainer, will wait behind."

"We are comrade hunters, Atalanta," said the youth, "neither Prince nor guide. You have found the place, and the honor of meeting the boar is yours. Do you go forward to the rise, and I will remain further down the runway."

Calmly she considered the suggestion. "It is but simple justice, since I have sought out the place," she decided. "And if I do not strike home—as few even of your best men would do, you must admit, at the first charge—you shall have the honor of the kill."

"And of guarding thee, as a comrade hunter should," said Meleager.

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"If we are indeed comrade hunters," said Atalanta, "stay well behind—and guard me no better than if I were a man."

"Then take thy place," said Meleager; "and Artemis guide thy spear!"

She went forward toward the little rise of firmer ground and Meleager followed slowly, dropping behind. In twelve paces they reached the runway, a narrow path beaten down six inches below the surrounding ground by the feet of many wild swine. He stood while she topped the rise and went a little way on the further side, so she would meet the boar as he came up the knoll, with lessened speed and strength.

"I did well to trust thee for a good hunter, Atalanta!" he muttered to himself, gripping his spear-shaft hard for exultation in her. "No one could have chosen more wisely the place to make a stand!"

He dropped to his toes, as he saw her turn to survey the ground, and then rose and went forward stealthily to make sure of her ambush. She was parting the head-high bushes and intertwined creepers beside the path to make a place of concealment for herself until, with the coming of the wild drove, she could rise and challenge the leader.

Meleager stole closer until a scant six paces separated them, and again sank down upon his toes. When the sound of her stirring among the underbrush had ceased, he came still a few paces closer and sat down at the beginning of the little mound on the further side of which was Atalanta.

The sound of the beaters, still far away but nearer than at first, was borne to their ears like an undertone of the wind in the great branches above: "Io, Io, boar! Io, Io, Artemis! Evoe, Evoe!"

Some large forest animal, a stag by the sound of its heavy bounding, came tearing past, through the underbrush at his right. "Only men dare follow the runway of the wild swine!" said Meleager. "Only men—and women!" he added, and laughed silently, and with joy.

Other deer and smaller animals passed them, fleeing toward the river thickets beyond, or the thick underbrush of the hillside to southward. The beaters were advancing; and stealing before

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them would be the wide, thin fringe of hunters, a scattering of princes and nobles and adventurers of high lineage from half of Greece. They were come to hunt the great wild boar of Calydon to his last retreat; they proclaimed their coming, they cried him to single combat, to face a charge brawn to brawn, short spears gripped under arm-pits against white ivory tusks. No thicket would save him from them.

"Evoe, Artemis, silver goddess of the bow! Artemis whose wrath sent the great boar of Calydon, even Artemis guide our spears! Io, Io!" So they had sung around the great oaken tables on the night before, and Meleager among them. He had joined the boasting of the young men who desired to meet the brute's charge single-handed, the charge of the great wild boar of Calydon, routed out of his last hiding place and furious with pursuit.

"Io, Io, Artemis!" rang the chant of the beaters, nearing, but still faint with distance. "Io, Io,—boar of Artemis!"

Black wasps were busy about the edge of the rain-filled puddle down the path, and the noonday air was rich and piquant with many odors. A great black butterfly floated by, dipping and swaying in the stealthy currents of air. Meleager brooded, conscious of Atalanta's presence and distance. "Artemis, bring us to the boar, and give us victory!" he prayed; "and Aphrodite, bring us to joy, and greater victory!"

He roused himself, conscious of a low, hurrying sound ahead: a soft brushing sound with a heavier undertone that quivered. In an instant he was poised, crouching on his heels in the middle of the path. He bent forward, his toes working to gain hold on the ground, and supported himself on his knuckles on either hand, like a balanced runner. His right hand gripped his spear, his head bent forward to catch the coming of that muffled sound.

The sound neared; partly it seemed to be communicated to him by his knuckles pressed against the ground. There was a short, explosive sniff, as when a boar scents an enemy: then a quick, hard sound like a bellow cut short, a deep, grunting snort of defiance.

"Io, boar!" cried Atalanta's voice, almost as deep as a young man's, but clearer.

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Meleager sprang upright, glad in his heart, eager with keen joy. He saw her bending forward on one knee, crouched to meet the charge, and the thick butt of her spear protruded behind, gripped under her right arm.

"Io, boar!" she repeated, and taunted him: "Io, boar of Artemis! Why stand amazed? Does it astonish thee that one dares thee at the head of thy minions, in thine own sacred path? See—it is I, Atalanta! I have come to slay thee—see!

"Tear not the ground and grunt and bellow—here is better work for thy tusks than tearing the ground—thy white tusks against my spear of dark bronze! Sharp and long are thy tusks, but my spear——"

He saw her suddenly lean forward; with a sharp rasping of hard, torn earth, a black bulk was in the place where she had been, flashed past, tore at the ground in a frenzy to stop, turned and faced backward at Meleager's very feet.

He did not stir, although he could have touched the great black-bristled back with his extended spear. Atalanta had leaped aside at the moment of impact; her spear, carried away in the boar's shoulder and torn out as he turned, lay beside the path. She was standing motionless, pushed in among the undergrowth, trusting in the near-sightednes of the wild swine.

The boar walked back toward her, snorting in great explosive gasps, his torn shoulder dripping blood upon the beaten earth of the path; slowly he went, quivering with eagerness to kill, swinging his huge tufted head in a near-sighted frenzy to find his enemy. He climbed the little declivity and approached within three paces of Atalanta's buskined foot. Nearer he came, but she did not move.

"Io, boar!" roared Meleager, now that there was room for the charge, loosing his pent wildness for combat in a mighty shout. "Io, boar—turn!"

And as the brute flashed around to face him he dropped on one knee and leaned his weight forward on his left foot with a mad will for the shock. So the great wild boar, tusked with white and foaming, shot toward him and they met.

Meleager threw himself forward to that meeting, all his brawn and weight and furious eagerness; and his spear entered

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at the left side of the great neck, inside the shoulder-blade, and turned inward, and sank deep, before man and brute together shot tumbling in a heap for the force of the charge. But Meleager sprang up, and the boar lay: on his side he lay, tearing at the earth with tusks and feet, snorting out a foam of white froth and red blood.

"Io!" bellowed the young man, seeking through a sudden red mist about him for Atalanta's spear by the side of the path. He leaped and caught it up and turned again.

"Io, Artemis!" he shouted, leaping toward the boar.

But the leader of the wild swine of Calydon had no more need of any man's spear. Meleager sprang upon the great bristle-protected neck and called on victory, brandishing Atalanta's spear above his head.

"Io, Nike! The great boar is slain!" he bellowed, beside himself with triumph; and from all around the hunters' shouting, that had begun at his first wild cry of "Io, boar!" answered him.

Atalanta came and stood before him. In the light of joy for his daring in her eyes he forgot his boasting, his mad exultation. Her face, for the moment, was changed and softened, and her bearing, her very body, seemed changed and softened and made womanly-kind as was her face.

"Thy spear pierced him first, Atalanta!" said Meleager, leaping down beside her and remembering her above his triumph. He stood close before her, both of them becoming very still and seeming struck with high wonder and awe.

Two hunters burst out into the path at the top of the rise, and paused, panting.

"And thou didst gloriously slay him!" said Atalanta, in low tones, looking in Meleager's face.

He drew nearer to her by the space of half a step, so bearing himself that the two hunters came no closer, but stood still, wondering at the faces and bearing of the two below who paid no heed to the just-slain boar.

"We together have wrought this, Atalanta," said Meleager. "Thou didst wound and confuse him, so making it easy for me

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to finish what thou hadst begun. There is a double glory, thine and mine."

Other hunters joined the two on the hill and paused, also, wondering.

"I am proud if thou wilt let me share with thee," said Atalanta, with strange humility; "but thine is the greater glory. Didst thou not meet his charge and place thy spear——"

"Nay—if we must weigh the part of each—thine is the greater glory!" protested the youth; "didst thou not meet his first charge, skilfully placing thy spear and swerving aside, as no man could have better done—so wounding him that even of the wound made by thy spear——"

"Io—Artemis—the boar!" bellowed the leader of a new band of hunters, rushing up and bearing all down the little hillside toward the two who had slain the boar. Three score men rushed down and around them, trampling the underbrush, muddying themselves to the knees, staring at Atalanta and Meleager, and at the boar. Wildly they threw questions about, panting and dashing away the sweat from their brows, and calling on the gods.

But when they saw the spear-shaft protruding from the neck of the fair-slain boar, and that Meleager still held a spear, a silence fell on them.

"By Bacchus and Father Zeus!" broke out the man who had led the rush, a round-eyed, heavy man with streaks of grey grizzling his short beard; "do not tell us, Meleager, that it is your woman-friend's spear so neatly placed there in the throat of King Boar! For, by Artemis, if it is her spear, she is demon-ridden—she did no such thing of herself! And by Hecate I swear, before she get the head and the glory——"

"Hold thy peace, Pentheus!" cried Meleager, turning greater wrath against the man's wrath. But Atalanta, pushing in between them, took the burden of a reply upon herself.

Her softening of the moment past had gone, leaving the challenge and hardness of her plain as when she had come to Calydon and stirred up strife by demanding a place in the hunt that Meleager had proclaimed. She said: "Pentheus, by being brother to Queen Althea, so are you anointed insult-thrower of

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Calydon? You and your brother would have had me forbidden the hunt, mocking me with evil words—and now you come red with rage because a woman was before you—you being fat and slow of body as of wit——

"Yea, draw back your boar-spear: it becomes you to threaten one unarmed, and a woman, with the sharp bronze!"

"If you had been a man, you would have died before this!" swore Pentheus, snorting like a challenged boar for rage. "It is well for you now to take refuge in your vile womanhood——"

Meleager, with a thin calmness over the white anger that burned in his face, stepped between them and spoke: "Since I am called Prince here, and did ordain this hunt," he said, "I command there be no more wordy dissension. To you, Pentheus, I say one word: Peace!

"To Atalanta is due the first honor, for her spear struck first, and she it was who chose the place and found the boar, while the other hunters were far afield on the other side of the hill. To her I decree——"

"An ambush!" muttered a man behind the rage-stifled Pentheus; "for three days she has been prying and spying about, preparing with foresight and cunning and stealth what her woman's weakness——"

"She challenged and struck fair in the open, meeting the charge," said Meleager; "and to her I decree the head as token——"

"I am mocked whatever I do!" cried Atalanta, not heeding Meleager. "I find the boar—and you accuse me of stealth! Tell me whether it is the aim of a boar-hunt to find and slay the boar?"

"Women were ever practical," retorted the man, a small man who concealed himself behind the great bulk of Pentheus; but Pentheus burst forth: "And so this Spartan drab, coming without strength or courage——"

He ceased, for Atalanta's spear, raised in Meleager's hand, threatened his life.

An old man caught Meleager's arm, and stepping forward, spoke: "When the Prince, forgetting himself, joins the brawl, it is time for the priest to intercede."

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He stood among them, smiling, a long straight staff in his hand, and peace was in his deep-set blue eyes and reverend white hair and beard.

"Many thanks, Agathon," said Meleager, letting fall his spear-arm and trembling for checked rage that still struggled in him. "Rightly you shame me; speak—and we will listen."

"Then," said Agathon, "I say that the head and the glory are Atalanta's, for Meleager, master of the hunt and only witness of the kill, awards them to her. Further I say that had not certain hot-heads estranged her, all this dissension had not arisen; had ye accepted her as comrade and friend, I had not seen Meleager's spear raised against Pentheus' life. Furthermore, why should she not have joined you as comrade-hunter if she so desired? Long ago it was ordained that women might hunt equally with men, but the custom did not long obtain, for women are not so strong bodily as men, and given freedom and justice each finds his appointed pathway in life. These things would come about easily did not short-sighted men forget change and stir up strife, thinking things new that are only old things under new names.

"Meleager, thou art hot with youth, and Aphrodite has made thee hotter still. Pentheus, thy pride and little foresight have stirred up strife without cause. Atalanta, thou art flown with ambition, and hardened by the injustice of foolish men; but, even though right and freedom fight on thy side, have care lest thou hurt thyself and others in thy haste.

"Now let us kindle fire upon the mound, and sacrifice the entrails, and carry home the boar in triumph! I have spoken."

"We have heard wise words," said Meleager; but mutterings arose among the others that Atalanta should have the head. For even while Agathon spoke, the small man behind Pentheus had spread a report.

"That is a Spartan spear in thy hand, Meleager!" broke out Pentheus, giving voice to the mutterings of the others: "and thine own is in the throat of the boar! See, comrade-hunters, he has done the deed, and would give the glory to the woman whom Aphrodite has sent to destroy him!"

"My spear is in the throat, true," said Meleager; "but

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Atalanta struck first, wounding him and making it easy for me to finish what she had begun. Therefore hers is the head and the most of the glory. I have spoken, and Agathon has confirmed me."

He turned toward the priest. "Let us have done with dissensions," said the old man. "Nothing is worth great strife. The award is made—follow and kindle sacred fire upon the hill."

He turned toward the little rise and many followed him; but Atalanta, while Pentheus and Meleager and a few others watched her, went over to the boar, and took a short knife of bronze from her girdle, and severed the ear-tufts. "I take these," she said, straightening up tall and defiant and clear-eyed to face Pentheus, "in token of the award! To thee, Meleager,——" Her voice changed but little as she turned her words and eyes toward him. "To thee I give my thanks for justice that I had not expected to obtain from men! I am sorry that I may not well come as comrade hunter to thy feast—and that mayhap I shall not see thee again."

She turned from them, with quick feet, to go back by the way she had brought Meleager through the dim wood of the valley. Pentheus looked after her, his eyes bulging, his face the red color of rage; and behind him stood his brother, the small man, Menander, known for quickness of wit and tongue as Pentheus for strength and rage.

"She is better than a man—in defeating justice," said Menander.

"Let us prepare the sacrifice," said Meleager; his eyes, since Aphrodite had blinded him to even the little change in Atalanta's voice as she gave him thanks and farewell, had taken on something of the challenging hardness of Atalanta's own. "Truly, as Agathon has said, nothing is worth great strife."

He left them to go up to where the priest was kindling the sacred fire. Standing in the backward of the circle, he was like a man who has just lost a possession he holds of great value; dull and without interest he heard the invocation as the first sparks leaped from the flint and iron. He stood alone while the others fetched wood and brought pure water to pour a liba-

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tion. But all his distraction passed when a round-eyed boy, plucking him by the sleeve, whispered that Pentheus and Menander had followed Atalanta.

Quietly he turned away, as if to seek firewood, or on some such errand; but when he had broken out into the dim path Atalanta had followed down to the river bed, his feet flew under him, his breath came hot between his teeth, and in his right hand he gripped Atalanta's spear. Up through the wide violet gloom of the forest he bounded, up the hillside, over great tree-trunks green and black with decay, past rocks and thickets, until his bursting heart, and some little fear lest he be over-impetuous in suspicion, made him go more slow.

Through the thick hazel brush of the hillside, with the sunlight pouring down to make a black-and-golden lacework on the ground, he glided, and on toward the open knoll where he had met Atalanta. Slower he went, getting his breath, and thinking: "Surely Pentheus and Menander will do no despite to a guest-friend of our house! But Pentheus is headlong in rage—and Menander will goad him on! So let me hold hard on myself!"

Then he heard Atalanta's voice, despairing and broken, and yet full of fierce resistance: "Ai—Meleager!"

Like a thrown spear-shaft he shot forward, wasting no more time in thought than breath in reply, and burst out, running, into the little open space. Atalanta was prone on the bright green sunlit ground; Pentheus and his brother held her, crushing her down with hands and knees, and the big man, gloating, had already torn open her girdle to take the boar's ear-tufts. They both leaped away and sprang upright as the youth burst upon them, gripping their spears.

Through a red mist like that which had fallen upon him while he groped for Atalanta's spear after slaying the boar, Meleager leaped toward them. Then there was quick whirling about, and trampling of feet, and low harsh cries of furious conflict, and darting of bronze spears; and when a sudden silence fell, Meleager had slain his mother's brothers, Pentheus and Menander, both with terrible swift strokes of Atalanta's spear.

"*Eleleu, eleleu!*" moaned the maiden, on her knees beside

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the thick green wall of undergrowth, whither she had crept while the fight raged.

"Wail not these dead, Atalanta!" said Meleager, calm and terrible with the two deaths he had wrought. "They who did dishonor to a guest-friend of our house are rightly slain. Holy Apollo, guardian of strangers, drove my spear!"

Atalanta arose and came and stood before him, beside slain Pentheus' head. By the pallor of her face she might have been wounded to death, but her words were calm.

"Aphrodite has nerved thee, Meleager—not Apollo," she said; "and she is a bitter and terrible god! Let us go from this place before we speak further."

"Lead whither thou wilt," said Meleager, and followed her for some hundreds of paces, until they were come to a high, windy place with greensward under mighty oak trees. Blood, flowing down beneath his tunic, streaked his strong brown knees and the thonged leather of his leggings; but he knew only that he followed Atalanta.

Where spears of sunlight slanted golden across the shadows of the oaks, Atalanta turned; and again they stood, looking into each other's faces, as they had stood for a little time following the slaying of the boar. But now the horror of blood not a boar's made dim the glamorous light that spoke in their answering eyes: as if they were come at once to a betrothal and a funeral, a time of high joy and of despair.

"Thy face, that was all brown and red, has grown pale like ivory," said Atalanta, in a voice that quavered like the last full-throated notes of a wood-thrush. "*Ai,* Artemis—that I have seen the sun of this day! The blood-guilt is not thine, Meleager, but mine."

Meleager answered slowly, leaning on Atalanta's spear: "Nay, mine—if there is guilt. I am headlong in anger, like many of our house. And yet I do not repent. I do not well see how it could have fallen otherwise."

She mourned:

"Would I had never left Sparta! Would my hands had never sickened of the loom! I have brought discord and death!

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Meleager, why do thine eyes grow dim, and all so dark and deep?"

"Since looking on thee so softened," he said, "a hope grows in me, and I faint; all my life flows out in love for Atalanta."

Very still and pale she stood, and then a great breath lifted her bosom and gave her voice: "O Aphrodite—sweet and bitter—giver of joy and pain—thou hast pierced my heart! Meleager——"

Meleager swayed, leaning hard on the spear-shaft, and his eyelids quivered close, as if with a sudden dizziness, a sudden darkening of the sunlight.

"To hear thy words," he said, speaking low and slow as from the faint depths of a dream, "darkens the world. Touch me out of the dark."

Atalanta, leaning toward him, closed her own eyes, and reached out her hands, and said: "So a faintness as of death comes upon me also. Is this thy joy, O Aphrodite—this weakness so piercing sweet——"

But even as her hands, searching for him in darkness despite the fair light all around, reached his breast, she started wide awake with a cry.

"*Ai* — Meleager — blood — thy faintness and pallor — a wound!"

Her quick fingers at the bronze pins in his tunic front made him sway, and his hands were loosened from their hold on the supporting spear. In wild tenderness and terror Atalanta eased him to the ground and chafed his temples, calling upon his name, and upon Artemis, and upon Aphrodite; but Meleager had died standing.

Toward star-time, men with new-lit torches found them there: for Atalanta, after she found that he was indeed dead, neither moved nor made outcry. And though she ranged far in after years, and won undying fame, and paid love's forfeit to young Milanion who tricked her with golden apples, it was said of her that one reason she waxed great was because she had much room for ambition in her breast, having left her heart in Prince Meleager's urn in Calydon.

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"But of course all that," said Professor Trevenor to a squirrel that undulated up to his feet, "happened some time ago; and I suppose we have to remember that Nature turns, even though she does not change. For one thing, we are not so abrupt about killing people nowadays."

The squirrel went away.

"Doubtless your course is the proper one," said Professor Trevenor, and strolled up to the Museum to browse among classical antiques.

THE SEA

ALAN D. MICKLE

CHIN upon hand I lie upon the sleek, green, velvet-like robe of the headland. And far below me the green sea breaks upon the rocks or creeps in lazy enjoyment up the white, sandy shore. And I think of the sea—the sea awakened by the storm, raging, roaring, leaping, dancing in a Bacchanalian riot of immense pleasure. And the sea sleeping, heaving and rolling easily, beneath perfume-laden tropic breezes and cloudless tropic skies. Sleeping with strange, shadow-like monsters moving silently, swiftly, in its depths like thoughts in the mind of a profound man.

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PARALLEL STREET

OSCAR GRAEVE

WHEN Nellie Saunders lay dying on her white bed in the room over the saloon, she made Mike promise he'd sell out and get away, far away, from Parallel Street. "I want the kid to have a chanst, Mike," she urged huskily, in that soft Irish voice of hers which was already faint and quavering.

And Mike, his big red hands clutched together in agony, promised and promised again.

But it was very hard to break away from Parallel Street; the saloon cleared him a thousand dollars every year which he invested in Long Island real estate on the instalment plan; and, besides, little Clara was so little that no harm could come to her, not even from Parallel Street. Mike debated the matter with himself and decided that he could not afford to sell out his business for a year or two anyway. He was not a young man. It wasn't as if he could turn to something new with a light heart and without misgivings. So he got old Mrs. Whip to come in and keep house for him and look after the kid. He gave her strict orders not to let Clara go down into the saloon, especially not to let her go near the back room where the women and the girls went with their men. And he saw to it that the door that led to the back stairs was kept locked. Not that there was much danger. For all day long the back room stood empty and waiting; it was only late at night, long after little Clara was curled up in bed, asleep, that the women, the hollow-eyed, carmine-cheeked women, came.

Mike considered, a little later, sending Clara to a boarding-school, but he could not bring himself to the act of giving her up; now that Nellie was gone the child's soft hands pattering over his rough face, her lisping questions, her hundred little endearments woven into his life, had come to mean too much to him.

For a time he also thought of doing away with the back room. But, after all, nothing wrong went on there. Just drink-

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ing. If the sodden couples travelled elsewhere afterward, that was none of his business. If they didn't come to his saloon for their booze they'd continue down the street to Flynn's or Jacobson's and he might as well get the money as these other fellows. He needed it. He put it to good use. All the time that Long Island real estate was growing in extent and value, and some day there would be enough so that he and Clara and old Mrs. Whip could say good-bye to Parallel Street and move to a white painted cottage in the country with a porch where a man could smoke his pipe of evenings, and a cabbage and potato patch in the rear where he could dig and plant, sweat in the sun and harvest.

Meanwhile Clara was growing. She was a little, fat white grub, rolling around the floor, crawling around, probing into things, curious, poking her head under beds, bureaus, tables, tasting scraps of paper, pins, anything she picked up, nestling in big Mike's arms, pulling at his moustache, as he snatched a minute from the bar to say good-night to her. She was a thin, reedy child with long, thin, black legs, with her light, fluffy hair hanging in a thick braid down her back, bringing her school books to the puzzled, stammering Mike for explanations, slipping her flower of a hand into his. Finally, she was a tall, slender girl, a creature so sweet, so wonderful, so clever that he gazed at her in awe and asked himself how it came that he had so incomparable a daughter as this . . . and yet, she was like Nellie; as he looked at her he thought of his promise to his dead wife. But then he laughed tenderly and thought of the folly of sweet Nellie.

Sunday mornings Mike walked to St. Mary's with Clara. St. Mary's was five blocks east of Parallel Street and every block was a triumphal procession for Mike as he strode along beside his daughter.

"Nobody thinks I'm your pa," he said to her. "They think I'm some bum you was sorry for an' picked up."

"Ah, go on, pa," said Clara, laughing and joking. "You're a fine-looking man and you know it and you just want me to tell it to you."

Then Mike laughed, too, and threw out his chest just as he

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had done in the days when he walked beside Nellie, proud and puffed up with the winning of her. The next morning he took himself down to the Emporium and bought a grey suit with a long-tailed coat such as Alderman Quinn wore and also a silk hat with the shiniest lustre you ever saw.

But he did not tell Clara about this splendid raiment until the following Sunday at church-going time. Clara cried out when she saw him and spun him around and kissed him with: "You do look grand, pa."

St. Mary's Church stood in a very respectable neighborhood of three-story brick houses, each with its patch of grass in front; and although, when the wind was right, you could hear the noise and traffic of Parallel Street, it was a very quiet region by comparison. On their way home from church one bright windy Sunday, Clara turned to Mike and said, "Pa, I wish we could live over here."

She had never spoken like this before and Mike gazed at her in surprise: "Why, what's the matter, darlin'?"

"Oh, I don't know. I hate Parallel Street! I want to get away from it!"

Then Mike told her about the white cottage in the country and Clara shone as radiant as a rose when the sunlight falls upon it. All the way home they talked about the white cottage, about furnishing it and about the garden that was to be an inseparable and indispensable part of it.

After that, Clara asked almost every day, "When are we going to leave Parallel Street, pa?" But he always answered, "Now, just in a little time, darlin'."

After a while Clara did not ask him any more.

All these years the stream of pollution, of vice, of good and bad intermingled, flowed up and down Parallel Street and much of it poured in and out of the back room of Mike Saunders' saloon. Little Clara with her finger on her lips stood on the threshold of life and looked and questioned. Every year Mike said: "Well, next year she'll be away from it. There ain't no danger yet." And every year the money that was drawn from grimy pockets and slapped down on wet tables in payment for

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beer or whisky or gin brought that little white cottage nearer—but not near enough. . . .

Quite suddenly, much to Mike's amazement, Clara seemed to have a "fellow." "The fresh kid!—she's only seventeen," said Mike to himself; but he was not altogether displeased and he was content to let Clara have the youth call on her in the parlor upstairs evenings, even to escort her to the moving picture show and, once or twice, to the real theatre, until he discovered that the young man was the nephew of Ignatius Flynn who kept the saloon down the street.

"Now, look here, Clara," he said to his daughter, when he learned this: "I ain't got any kick against your having a nice young feller come an' see you. But I don't want you keeping company with nobody in the liquor business—see? We're goin' to get out of it soon and stay out."

Clara was unexpectedly obstinate. "Jack Flynn's a nice young fellow and I don't think you ought to act like this, pa. He's always been polite and refined and you don't see too much of that on Parallel Street. I could tell you of many a real swell gentleman who isn't."

But Mike waved his hand and rolled his big head from side to side. "I don't want to argue with you. If Jack wants to get in some other business, he can call on you; if he don't, he can't."

Clara's eyes filled, she sobbed. "I can't have any pleasure. I never have anything other girls have."

"Why, Clara, I've give you everything you asked for ever since you was a little kid——"

"Oh, I want more than clothes and jewelry!" cried the girl. "I'm young. I want to have some fun. When I'm lying in bed I can hear them talking and laughing in the back room down below. Sometimes I feel as if I'd like to run down and say: 'I'm younger than any of you and I don't need paint to make me pretty. Why can't I have a good time, too?'"

When Mike recovered his breath, he shouted, "Cut that talk out! Don't you dare——"

But Clara, her arm thrown over her eyes, rushed out of the room. He heard her door slam, the bolt shoot across. He

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followed and, waiting a minute, knocked softly. "Clara, I didn't mean . . ." He could get no answer.

The very next morning Mike put on his grey suit and silk hat and went down to see Nathan Jacobson who, it was said, was anxious to buy a second saloon on Parallel Street. But Nathan, craftily rubbing his hands together, one over the other, would not come within a thousand dollars of what Mike knew his business was worth.

Then, when Mike went home and was upstairs in his room changing from his best clothes into his shiny everyday suit, there was a knock at the door and Clara flew in, full of contrition, her soft cool lips against his scrubby cheeks.

"Well, there ain't no rush about selling," thought Mike. "I might as well wait till I get my price."

For Mike Saunders there had never been but one woman and that one was Nellie. On Parallel Street where the coarse and the lewd, the drunken and the gluttonous came to satisfy their appetites, in that silent, dank, furtive eddy of lost souls and abandoned bodies and drowned ideals, Mike Saunders lived the life of a celibate. He was temperate, he ate sparingly of the fine dishes that old Mrs. Whip set before him and he had nothing to do with the women who drifted, night after night, into the back room. He worked hard. It was he who was up at five in the morning to welcome the marketmen as they rumbled to a stop before his door with their mountainous wagons of produce, of cabbages and beets and beans and other garden truck; it was he who steered the last derelict to the street at one o'clock. When he acted as waiter in the back room, he walked with a steady step where steady steps were unusual, with a firm eye where most eyes shifted and dodged, with glinting teeth, with head held high.

But he was kind to the women. He knew most of them by name. He often protected them from the bullies, and more than once he had helped a woman when the Inevitable fastened upon her.

One night, as he entered the back room, he saw Harry Black strike a girl called Violet. With a leap Mike was across the

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room and had Harry by the coat collar and was shaking him as a pit bull terrier shakes a poodle.

"You dirty loafer!" he muttered. "You ain't going to hit women before me, see! Get out o' this!"

He carried Harry to the door and with a shove that looked gentle sent him sprawling far out on the sidewalk.

Then Mike went over to where the girl still sat. "Now you go home, Vi'let. Here's some money. You look awful tired to-night. Better get to bed, kid."

But the girl, instead of going, began to cry with racking, blowsy sobs; she seized Mike's hand and tried to kiss it, but he pulled it away in disgust.

"None o' that. Now go home, Vi'let."

"You're the only one that's decent to me, Mike."

"That's all right."

She stood up, took his arm, put her mouth close to his ear. "I want to speak to you alone."

He frowned at her, studied her. "What's the matter—sick?"

"Yes, I'm sick all right. But that ain't what I want to see you about. I want to tip you off to—to something."

Mike laughed, then decided to humor her. "Well, come in here."

There was a small, dark closet of a room between the saloon and the back room and Mike took her there.

"Go ahead and shoot," he said, indifferently.

The girl choked with coughing, but at last she managed to say: "It—it's about your girl."

Mike's mouth opened, he could not speak because his tongue was like fat in his mouth. But finally: "What—what d'ye mean? Don't you dare say anything against Clara!"

"I just want to tell you what I saw, Mike."

"Well, I don't b'lieve it"—he took a step or two up and down the room, then shot at her fiercely: "What d'ye mean anyway?"

Violet clung to a chair for support; she was frightened. "I seen her down to the Island with Joe Miller. You know him—we all know him. He's married. He's rotten through and

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through for all his good looks and swell clothes and smooth gab. You know that only means one thing, Mike—— "

But Mike was upon her; he hit her recklessly; he hit her in the breast so that she doubled up and covered herself with her arms. She coughed horribly. "Oh, Gawd!" she groaned. "This is the thanks I get."

"Now, you shut up—you go home. I don't b'lieve it. I don't b'lieve a word of it."

He turned his back on her, leaned his head against the wall. A stream of red ran before his eyes. His Clara—his little girl! But no, it was preposterous. Why, it was only yesterday that she was crawling around the floor at his feet, blubbering with baby talk, putting scraps of paper, bits of fluff in her mouth . . . . it was only yesterday her eyes as clear and blue as the sky far above Parallel Street were lifted to his. He pounded the wall with his clenched fists. No! No! No! It wasn't true. He swung around again on the girl who had lied to him, lied to him about his daughter, his sweet little Clara—— But Violet had fled.

Deadening himself to the outward aspect of things, he lurched into the back room where the men and women sat around, some with whisky in front of them, some with beer.

"Get out!" he ordered. "All of youse. Saunders is closing early to-night."

There were protests, cries, demands. Parallel Street is punctilious about its dues. One man stood up to argue but Mike with a sweep of his arm sent him whirling. The others looked at Mike, looked at his white face splotched with red, looked at his big mouth strangely drawn. Then they, too, cleared out.

Mike plunged into the bar-room. "We're closing up," he said to the men who hung over the bar. "Go home, Jim," he said to the bar-tender.

"Wha—what's eating you?" stammered Jim.

"Go home, d'ye hear?" This was a snarl, a threat, so Jim took off his apron, hung it carefully behind the door and put on his black coat.

When the place was quiet and dark, the doors locked, Mike stood still for a moment, wiping the sweat from his cold face,

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swaying, his head thrown back, his mouth gaping. Now he was alone; now he had time for thought, but he could not think, he dared not allow himself to think. Over and over, he kept muttering, "I don't b'lieve it."

He knew that, sooner or later, he must go upstairs and look for Clara, face her, question her, and yet all of him fought for respite against that moment. . . .

He heard the water dripping into the tank in which the glasses were rinsed and automatically he felt his way behind the bar and turned the faucet tight. He poured himself a beer-glassful of whisky. But the glass fell from his hand and broke. "Damn it—aw, damn it!" he choked out. He put the bottle to his lips and drank. The liquor swept down his throat, burning, fiery; it steadied him. "I don't b'lieve it!" he cried aloud to the dead and silent room.

He blundered to the stairs that led to the floor above. With something like a sob, summoning all the courage that was left him, he started to climb, slowly, uncertainly. But as he climbed he felt the shapeless horror that filled him disappearing. If it were true, this girl of his was no better than those others, those other things of paint and lax lips and wanton eyes, that came to the back room; he would deal with her accordingly. His shapeless horror was replaced with hard and concrete rage. The muscles of his arms swelled with it, his head burst with it, his eyes burned with it.

But Clara was not in her bedroom; she was not in the parlor; nor was she in Mike's room—the room where Nellie died. He found a white glove that she had dropped, but he could not find Clara.

Mike knocked on the door of old Mrs. Whip's room. She did not answer. He turned the knob and entered. The old woman was sleeping, her grey hair in disorder, her knees doubled up, her face to the wall. Mike shook her. "Where's Clara?"

The old woman yawned, sat up, shrivelled, flat-breasted, frightened. Her nightgown hung around her bones in folds like a grey rag.

"Where's Clara?"

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"She says she was going to Mary Quinn's. Why? What's the matter? Ain't she home yet?"

But Mike was downstairs again. He seized the telephone and called up Alderman Quinn's house.

After a delay—a minute, an hour, a year!—a sleepy voice answered.

"This is Mike Saunders. Is Clara there?"

"No."

"She says she was going to a party. We thought it was your Mary giving it."

"No, she ain't been here. Not to-night."

Mike was very crafty. "It's at some other girl's then. Good-bye."

He travelled upstairs again. And down again. Out into Parallel Street. Up and down Parallel Street, past little all-night restaurants where girls sat sipping coffee and munching cakes, past shops where one light burned dimly in the rear, past groups that talked and laughed noisily on street corners, past dim hallways beside saloons that led to mysterious regions above, in and out of Flynn's and Jacobson's and the other gin-mills.

He went home again. He made another journey through the empty rooms. He found a book of Clara's in the parlor—an open book with a pink ribbon marking the place. He found a little spatter of torn paper in the corner of her room. But he did not find Clara.

At last he came to a halt at the head of the stairs where down below he could see the door resting in a pool of blackness—the door that opened on Parallel Street. He closed his eyes and he heard Nellie's voice, faint and quavering, say, again and again, "I want the kid to have a chanst, Mike." But he shook his head stubbornly. "I don't b'lieve it," he said.

He waited. He heard a voice in the street below—but it was a drunken man singing to himself. He heard a laugh—but it was a woman taking a man home. He heard some one at the door—but it was the milkman setting down the bottle of milk for breakfast.

He waited. Through the crevices of the door, above, below, on each side, outlining a black oblong, filtered in the pallid light of morning . . . .

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THE PROPHET

LYMAN BRYSON

JEREMIAH, will you come?
Will you gather up the multitudes, and wake them with a drum?
Will you dare anoint the chosen ones from all the cattle kind,
And threaten with the fire of God the foolish and the blind?

Jeremiah, Jeremiah, we have waited for you long,
To see the flaming fury of your hate against the wrong,
For we dally in the Temple, and we flee the eye of Truth,
And we waste along the wilderness the glory of our youth.

Jeremiah, Jeremiah, here the lying prophets speak,
Here they flatter in their feebleness the gilded and the sleek;
But their languid pipings die in shame when trumpet cries are heard.
Are you coming? Are you coming? O Prophet of the Word!

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LITTLE TRAGEDIES

Louis H. Levin

I

LOYALTY

FOR ten years Moische Feingold lived so uneventfully that he felt that life was not difficult. On fifteen dollars a week, earned without fail, he had kept his family of six, in four rooms; belonged to a synagogue and a lodge; and had a few dollars in the building association. Then one hot day, when he was tired and worn-out, he came too near the machinery, and his hand was drawn in.

When he awoke, he was in a nice clean bed, a woman with a trim white cap was bending over him, his right arm was in a great bandage.

"It is a hospital," he whispered to himself.

The next few days were days of anguish for Moische. He found out how badly he was injured. They took his right hand off at the wrist. Libbie came to see him, and he sobbed aloud.

When he was sent home, the arm was still sore and had to be cared for. But that time passed, too, and the question of daily bread came to them as never before. All their savings were gone; they owed the tradesmen as much as they could get on credit.

"What is a man to do with one hand, and that the left hand?" asked Moische. "If it had only been an eye!"

Libbie was hopeful, and knew that Moische would find work. He was so strong, so trustworthy, so steady. People needed such a man, even if he had only one hand. "You will see," she said.

"But what shall we do in the meantime? I wonder that we have been able to live so long!"

"There are good people in the world, Moische. Your boss sent your wages the two weeks you were in the hospital, and he has been sending one dollar a week ever since."

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Moische was touched by the kindness. "And to think that friends told me to sue him! The boss was not even there when the accident happened."

"It was an accident."

"I will never understand how it happened. I always thought of you and the children when I worked, and that made me careful. Other workmen did things I would never do; but it came to me. It must be fate."

"It is our fate," said Libbie.

Moische had not been to the shop since the accident, because of the terror which came over him whenever he thought of what had happened, and because he knew of nothing in the shop that he could do with his left hand. This day he would go, if only to thank the boss for his kindness. There was something after all in working ten years for a man without losing a day.

When he returned that evening, Libbie could see that something had happened. "I have a job," he said, a sob of joy breaking in his voice.

"Thank God," murmured Libbie.

"I am to be watchman at the factory. The boss had been saving the job for me."

"And we can begin to live again!"

"It will pay me five dollars a week," he explained.

"Only five dollars," she repeated in disappointment.

"What, are you not satisfied, Libbie? He could have had a man with two hands for seven dollars and he took me with one hand for five. It was very kind."

"It must be. But how are we to get along?"

"Easily, but there must be a difference. I shall walk to the shop, and as my work will not be hard, I shall not need the big meals that we used to have."

"That will not save much."

"Then I need not go to the synagogue; I can go to the little meeting, and I'll teach the boy myself. I have been wanting to drop the lodge for some time. A watchman does not need to wear such good clothes, either."

His enthusiasm moved her.

"I do not need so many dresses," said Libbie, as if she had

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more than one dress besides the everyday wrapper, " and we can live in two rooms, if they are nice and large."

" You see I am right."

" But it was I who said that you would find a job. Don't you remember? "

" Yes, yes. Now we can see how wise it was that I did not take the place for seventeen dollars a week, when I had a chance. Another boss would not have been so kind."

" It was not our wisdom that made you stay,—it was from above."

" God has been good to us."

II

BETROTHED

WHEN Esther Fine was twelve years old her mother died, and a few months later her father married again. For two years she lived in her father's home, and then her aunt in America listened to her pleading and sent her a ticket to that distant land. She was not quite fifteen when her aunt brought her from the steamer, and gave her a little room for herself.

Esther became a finisher in a tailoring shop, and worked patiently and industriously year after year. She was not a bright girl and her face was neither interesting nor pretty. As she grew older she became stout, her eyes were small, her face large and round, her nose small and upturned. She never grew taller than five feet.

Day after day, week after week, year after year, she went regularly to the shop, did her work, received her wages, paid her board, bought her clothes, and put the rest of her earnings away. For whom, she did not know.

Mrs. Rudno, her aunt, wanted Esther to marry, but she knew no men. She went to no place where she might meet them, and a stranger seeing her once would not be apt to look again. Mrs. Rudno grieved to think that Esther would have to work at the shop all her days.

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Esther asked nothing and made no complaint. She worked and had her wages and was content. There was no stepmother to scold, and she lacked neither food nor clothes.

After Esther had been working for nearly ten years, Mrs. Rudno noticed that the cold she had caught in the winter kept on long after girls had begun to wear bright, thin spring dresses. Esther's face was still large, but her cheeks were yellow and the skin was loose.

"You ought to stop for a short while," said Mrs. Rudno. "You have been working too hard. You do not look well. Your cold is still troubling you."

Esther had never lost time in the shop when there was work, and she would not go away now just to rest. Mrs. Rudno sighed, and sometimes wept at the patient girl who was content without joy.

Then Esther became brighter, and was cheerful at table, and sometimes would sit absent-minded with a smile on her face. A day came when Esther blushed and trembled and asked her aunt whether she might bring a young man to the house. Mrs. Rudno was overjoyed.

Bernard Josephson came, and Mrs. Rudno wondered where Esther had found one who matched her so well. He, too, was stout, with thick hands, thick hair; but he talked much and smiled often, while Esther spoke little and her smile was rare. Whence Bernard came, Mrs. Rudno could not quite make out. Some said he was from Boston, others thought he had come from Chicago. He was strong and well-dressed and looked as if he could provide for Esther.

In spite of her cough Esther got better. She could not be gay, but she was happy. A little joy sang in her heart; hope came to her for the first time. At last she was to have husband and home, and perhaps children. It was too much joy to think of. She was very grateful to Bernard, and she resolved to be a true wife to him.

Then Esther bought ribbons and trinkets,—only a few, for she was saving. A new dress or two she had made to wear when she went out with him, because he wore nice clothes. Everyone

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marked her joy, and everyone wished her well, for she worked hard and harmed no one.

At last the great day was set, and a dressmaker brought home, in a big box, the white dress Esther was to wear. She put it on and all admired her; but the sight of her own poor face in the glass startled her. How could Bernard love so homely a being! When he came later he laughed and joked, and she was angry at herself for such thoughts.

Three days before the wedding Mrs. Rudno missed Esther at the evening meal. The girl had looked ill during the day, and her cough troubled her; but Mrs. Rudno was sure that after the marriage, when the excitement was over, and the new life had begun, Esther would be well and happy. She had seen such cases before.

It grew late and Esther did not come. Mrs. Rudno went to her room and lighted the gas. She saw Esther in bed, huddled in a corner, in uneasy sleep.

"What is the matter, child?" asked Mrs. Rudno. "Are you not well?"

Esther opened her eyes and slowly sat up. She turned a blank face to her aunt; she was paler than she had ever been.

"And what are you lying on!" exclaimed her aunt in amazement. "Your wedding dress! For shame, Esther!"

The girl rose and wrapped the dress in a ball and flung it to the furthest corner. The exertion was too much for her and she sank upon the bed. Mrs. Rudno noticed that where she had lain the pillow was wet with tears.

"Don't cry, child. You will wear yourself out, and you must keep yourself nice for the wedding."

Esther looked at her mutely,—bewildered. Her voice was in her eyes.

"What is the matter, child? You must not look so just before your wedding."

The words of her aunt brought her voice to her. She passed her hand over her forehead. "There will be no wedding," she said.

"No wedding! Nonsense! You will forget your quarrel and be happy together and quarrel again. I know how it is."

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"There will be no wedding," Esther said again, and then she tried to stand up, but she would have fallen had her aunt not caught her.

"You are not well. Yes, we will put the wedding off until you are a little stronger. I should not have let you prepare for the day until you were well. Let us put it off. And you can go to the country and get well and strong. You are a careful girl and have a little money. Spend it on your health. Yes, dear, on your health. Tell Bernard I wish to speak to him. You do not know how to take care of yourself."

Esther gazed at her aunt helplessly. "I shall never see him again," she said.

Mrs. Rudno was startled. The quiet, direct statement of Esther boded no good.

"We shall see," said Mrs. Rudno. "Your quarrel shall not stand in your way and make you unhappy forever. Send him to me, and I will talk to him. There is no reason why you two should be unhappy and apart."

Esther tried to stand, but she had to clutch a chair. A violent fit of coughing shook her, and Mrs. Rudno held her until it was over.

"He has my bank-book, auntie. I shall never see him again."

III

TWO INCHES

THE time came when Fivel Margolis had to go to America. His father was a poor pack-carrier, who could very little because he could not buy a surgical s and the family was on the verge of starvation. During his teen years Fivel did not remember eating a full meal, could look at his brothers and sisters and read the st the family for bread.

His father was growing in years, and his earn it." ting less. There was little employment; what often found himself unable to do. So the eyes of the Golden West, the land of work and food. Five

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oldest child. He would go and prepare the way for the others.

But how was he to pay his passage? They had no kinsmen in America; no friends there to whom they could appeal; and the relatives in Russia were unable to help. They came from a very poor family.

Necessity will find a way. They sold some of their household goods; they ate less; they borrowed a few dollars; they wrote letters to people of means. Well,—the ticket was bought.

The parting meant much to all of them. It was the one venture in their lives. Years of suffering had endeared them to each other, and when Fivel left, it was a crisis.

"Remember us," said his father.

"Do not work too hard," whispered his mother.

Fivel treasured the words of his parents, and resolved to bring them forth out of Egypt to the Promised Land. He knew that he was tall and thin, and not used to work; but that did not matter. A few months of food, and he would be as big and strong as others. He lacked nothing but bread.

On his way to Bremen he met other travellers, and heard that some were not allowed to land in America. There were men who did not know whether they would be able to get in, and he saw the fear in their faces. He heard much about heads and eyes, which Americans examine very carefully, and he thanked God that his eyes were clear and his head without blemish. He had nothing to fear on that score.

The voyage was a rough one, and the passengers were many. He was sick nearly all the way over, unable to eat and at times carcely able to breathe. During the short trip he must have st weight, for his clothes were loose upon him; but he knew a few days on land with air and food and he would be er than ever. He was all the more thankful that his head were not troubled with disease.

was impatient to land, and thought it was long before came to see whether America would take him. He ut his head to be examined, and held it aloft when e turned.

. Now . . .

octor put a mark upon his coat, and he was taken out

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of line. He found himself in a place where there were many others who had been marked, and he saw bad eyes and heads among them. Fivel was quite overcome. What was the matter?

It seemed years before he saw anyone of whom he could ask an explanation. A man came to him, spoke his language, asked him whence he came, where his family was, and many other questions. He spoke in a friendly manner, and Fivel felt that he was not abandoned.

"Why am I here? Why do they not allow me to go to the city? My people are poor and I must work," he said.

"The doctor will examine you again," said his friend.

The doctor came, weighed him, measured his height, his breast, put down notes on a piece of paper, and then went away. Fivel asked the other travellers what it all meant; but they did not know.

"Perhaps there is a new law," some one said.

Fivel recalled the parting with his father and mother. "Remember us!" There had not been a moment when they were out of his mind, and he saw them before him now,—their tatters, their moist, pleading eyes.

"Do not work too hard!" If they would but let him work at all!

His friend came to see him and Fivel was eager to learn why he was a prisoner.

"Am I to go?" he asked eagerly.

"There are difficulties in the way. The doctor will not pass you."

Fivel heard the words; but they conveyed no meaning.

"My head is clean," he cried.

"That is not the matter."

"My eyes have never been sick."

"There is no trouble with them."

"Why, then, do they keep me?"

"Your breast——"

"I am well. There is nothing the matter with

"It measures less than it should."

"Less!"

"Two inches."

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IV

DIVORCE

THREE years after Hatzkel Perlman left Russia for America, his wife and three small children began the long journey to his new home. At first Hatzkel had sent small amounts every month to Chaye Rifka for her and the children, but afterwards he became irregular, and when he did send, the amounts were even smaller than they had been. He could not afford to send tickets for the family. She therefore sold her bedding and pillows, borrowed a few roubles, and set out for America. A week before she left she wrote to him that she was coming.

Hatzkel did not meet her at the pier, and she felt his absence as a blow in the face. A friend of the family, Mrs. Lipman, greeted her, made all necessary arrangements and took Chaye Rifka and the children to her home.

"Hatzkel is busy, and you did not give him time to have a home for you," she said, explaining his absence and the temporary shelter.

In the evening Hatzkel came, and Chaye saw that she was in a new world, indeed. Was this the man she had married,—with face as smooth as a priest's and the manner of a lord! She had dreamt of nothing so fine. She saw a ring on his finger, and he wore a watch and chain. Chaye felt that she was nothing, —the dust on the ground.

A week more passed and Chaye and the children were still with Mrs. Lipman.

"We must have a home," she pleaded with Hatzkel. "Let it be poor and small, but it must be ours. Mrs. Lipman is kind, but her eyes are reproaching me."

Hatzkel promised, but there was no change. At last after Chaye had sobbed so that the neighbors heard, and Mrs. Lipman had spoken sharply to him, he rented rooms, and Chaye began life in a new home.

Home! How could it be a home when he never spoke to or

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kissed a child? "As for me," she said, "I must be content with whatever he gives me; but what have the little children done?"

Hatzkel spent little time at home. He went to work early, and came back late, some days not at all. She did not know where he went nor what he earned,—only that he paid the rent and gave her a few dollars each week.

Her wifely instinct told her that all was not well before it came to her ears that Hatzkel was seen frequently in the company of Fannie Goldin. Fannie had been in America only two years, but she dressed well and looked young and fresh. When Chaye understood what was going on, her heart beat and her head swam. She felt her weakness, and could do nothing but scold. He said he could not live with such a woman.

"I am a good American husband," said Hatzkel. "The rent is paid and you and the children have a home. If you do not like me, I am willing to give you a divorce at any time."

The threat kept Chaye quiet; but one evening when she got on the street-car after a tiresome day, a child asleep in her arms, and two others following after, she saw him and Fannie together in a front seat. They greeted her from afar, and she was left to struggle home with the children, alone.

Chaye did not sleep that night, nor did Hatzkel come home. When she saw him again, her heart was full of bitterness.

"You said you would divorce me," she cried. "Come, I am ready!"

They went to the rabbi, and Hatzkel asked him to write a bill of divorce.

"She does not want to live with me any longer," Hatzkel explained.

"How can I," asked Chaye, "when he goes about the city with another woman? I am covered with shame. I am the laughing-stock of all honest women."

"It is bad. I will write," said the rabbi.

Then he wrote, and Chaye's breast heaved. She loved Hatzkel, and he was the father of her children.

"Is it right, rabbi," she asked, "that he should put me off? Is it right that I should bear this heavy burden, when I have been a true wife to him in the sight of man and God?"

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"You are changing again," said Hatzkel.

"That is her right," answered the rabbi.

"As soon as she sees Fannie, she will want to come here again."

The name aroused her womanhood.

"Write it, rabbi. God will help me. I cannot live this way."

Soon the writing was finished. Chaye's mind was torn by a hundred doubts. If she only had some one to direct her! She knew that she was a simple, ignorant woman.

"Is this justice, rabbi?" she asked. "He took me from my home, took my youth, and now throws me away. What will people say? What do you say, rabbi?"

"If you can live together," answered the rabbi, "I will tear the writing. I do what you ask me."

"If you tear it," said Hatzkel, "I will not come here again. We cannot live together, her tongue is too sharp. I have only to mention the name Fannie——"

"I am ready, rabbi," said Chaye, not waiting to hear more. "Give it to me, I am no longer wife. But the children—the children!"

"Yes, what of the children?" asked the rabbi, who had not thought of them before. "This is important. What of the children?"

"I am not unreasonable," said Hatzkel. "She may have them."

V

ON THE WING

SHLOMO KAFTAN, his wife and four children, arrived in town and went straight to the Friendly Inn. They must have had the address, for they asked no questions and found the place at once. It was evening when they came and the Superintendent began to ask them questions; but Shlomo shook his red beard, and said: "You see the woman is not well. I will answer your questions to-morrow."

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The family was fed, and room was made for the children. Shlomo did not appear put out by strange surroundings. He took everything calmly, and went so far as to say that the Friendly Inn was not a credit to a city where so many Jews lived.

The questions asked Shlomo the next day were not answered promptly or good-naturedly. Whence came he? From New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and many other places. The Superintendent did not know the name of so many cities. What did he do for a living? He was a peddler, a shoemaker, a teacher, a cantor, and he could write Russian. Where was he going? That was his own affair.

His wife was a little, subdued woman, who did not look strong, and she held a young baby in her arms. The other children were dressed in clothes that took no heed of their size or of the season of the year. The children's appetites were good, but the woman ate very little.

They remained a few days, and the Superintendent became restive. He did not know what to do with the family, and Shlomo gave him little satisfaction. He became convinced that Shlomo was a traveller, who went from city to city living on the train or in a Friendly Inn.

"We cannot keep you any longer," said the Superintendent; "you have been here five days, and now you must go."

"Give us tickets to Cincinnati, and we will go."

"No," said the Superintendent, "we will not give you tickets, and you will go nevertheless."

"We shall see," said Shlomo.

The Superintendent was not to be answered in this way, and he made preparations for putting them out. He had gathered their baggage together, when he was called to the women's sleeping room. He found Mrs. Kaftan in a dead faint upon her bed.

The baggage was stored away again, and the doctor was sent for. He came, and examined Mrs. Kaftan, and said that she was sick, but he could not tell what ailed her.

"I shall be better able to judge to-morrow," he said.

Shlomo came back in the evening, and went to bed as if

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nothing had happened. He did not excite himself over his wife's condition, but simply said, "We cannot go while she is sick."

The Superintendent was baffled and helpless. The next day the doctor was still undecided as to the woman, but he thought the baby had fever. He came again in the afternoon, and now the child was quite sick. The woman was unchanged.

Shlomo, who was out all day, came again in the evening, and when he was told his child was sick he showed more interest. "What did the doctor say?" he asked.

"There is fever."

"Is that all? We do not mind fevers."

The directors of the Friendly Inn came together to consider the case, and there was much discussion. One said, "The man is a tramp." Another, "We have no right to encourage his travel. No wonder his wife and child are sick."

When Shlomo came in that evening, he went to the Superintendent, and said: "We leave to-morrow. Here are our tickets," and he waved them in front of the Superintendent.

"Where did you get them?"

"That's my business. I charge money to tell."

When Mrs. Kaftan heard of the tickets, she got out of bed as if nothing had happened. The Superintendent was astounded. If they had not been going the next day he would have said something sharp.

Shlomo got his baggage, when he was ready to go, the woman took up the child, the other children took their bundles, and all were loaded for the trip. The baby looked sick, but no one heeded it.

When the doctor came and was told what had happened, he said: "I am not surprised. She looked sick, but I could find nothing."

Then he remembered: "But what of the baby?"

"They took that, too."

"Too bad, too bad. How long have they been gone?"

"Since ten this morning. What was the matter with the child?"

"Diphtheria."

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THE FIRST COURTSHIP

HARRY KEMP

KAA got his mate by capture—by real capture, not by the still vigorous though sham ceremonial of later days, when the woman willingly allowed herself to be carried away.

For a long time the instinct for mating had swelled within Kaa's heart. The cries of the green and crimson-colored birds in the forest had lost their raucousness and now sounded softer, almost musical. It was the first mad month of primeval spring. The flowers had burst forth into a riotous smothering profusion of bloom. New life and motion seethed in everything.

Kaa sat on the bank of the great, bitter-tasting, inland ocean that at that time covered what is now transformed into rolling miles of wheat. The waves were dappled with the mauve and dark violet colors of late twilight. Strange emotions stirred in Kaa's breast—emotions which later were to be the poetry, sculpture, and music of the world. The obscure seed of all æsthetic loveliness, the first coherent love-impulse, was sprouting in his heart.

For one day, as he was gouging up shellfish out of the sand with a stick, he had first seen HER, small and brown and lithe-bodied, slipping away among the bushes. She had stopped and peered at him from between the rustling leaves, with two piercing motionless black eyes, like those of an alarmed wild thing's. Then she had disappeared.

Now Kaa, unlike other cave-men, had remembered this incident. Nor had he subsequently forgotten her and sought out another. For days and days after that he had been irresistibly propelled to the same place, there to watch for her. At times he had caught vanishing glimpses of her. . . .

Suddenly he leaped to his feet. . . . Here she was once more. She had appeared unexpectedly, as if she had stepped forth out of his very thought.

She heard the rustling and crackling of branches and leaves as Kaa disappeared, but she did not glimpse him. She stood

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erect, listening in the dusk. Having reassured herself that it was probably but some harmless animal, and not a male of her kind, of whom she had a deep-rooted instinctive fear, she stepped into the water, not timidly, but freely and boldly. After she got out some distance she rushed forward into it, churning the dusk into eddies of purplish silver about her. Then she flung herself full length into an on-coming wave and rode over its white crumbling crest. She romped like a sea-thing, now disappearing, now reappearing, and floating on the surface. Suddenly she tried to caress the waves, biting at them and putting her arms through them.

She waded back to the beach. She began chanting to herself, leaping rhythmically. The unrisen moon made a silver conflagration in the east. She paused, wonderstruck. As it pushed up through the water, the little leaping waves reached up bright hands and laved and caressed its enormous body. Naa, the woman, cast herself at full length on the sand and watched and watched the moon as it rose rapidly from the water and went up the sky. An indefinable languor crept over her.

In the meantime Kaa had been watching unobserved from his vantage-point amid the flickering and innumerable leaves, not over three leaps away. He wanted to come and join the dance, to touch her, to put his hands upon her; but he knew, as he crouched with sinews and muscles quivering strangely and madly, that, at his first leap, she would be flashing in and out among the rocks and trees, back to the bosom of her clan. He had tried that before. . . . How he wanted her! . . . more than food or sleep in his leaf-bedded cave. He wanted her, and meant to have her, this time. . . . He would wait. . . .

Naa turned over, and, with her face buried in the bend of her right arm, she dug her toes into the moist red sand. Now was his chance. With two great bounds he was on her, over her, and had gripped her by the shoulder as she had half-arisen. He drew her back again. She startled the night with a heart-rending cry. The struggle began. She stared at him, piteous and panting, for a space. She breathed quickly. Neither moved. Then came a wild burst of unexpected energy from the woman. Kicking, biting, tearing, screaming, she fought with teeth and

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fingers and toes. The sudden onslaught taking Kaa by surprise, he loosened his grip on her. She leaped to her feet . . . then began a zig-zag race along the boulder-strewn, bush-dotted shore. In and out, back and forth, up and down they went. Kaa was in a rage. Why should she be so avid to escape? The touch and thrill of her had been so good, that now he must have her even if he killed . . . he would follow her even to her clan . . . a winging fury possessed his feet. He ran like the wind. He dashed through bushes, and the edged leaves left little crimson welts across his body. He fell headlong over a boulder, only to leap up and pursue still more implacably. Several times her hair swept back into his face and he clutched at it and brought out a handful. He managed to seize her shoulder, but she slid away again. Up over a little hill she sped. On the other side she dashed pell-mell into cruel underbrush which caught about her and flayed her. With madness of utter abandon Kaa flung himself bodily upon her. They crashed into the bush together.

Now she resisted no longer . . . instead, she lay still and white, eyes closed, breathing heavily. Had he brought the White Stillness upon her so that she would move no more? He stooped low, shaking all over with excitement and horror. . . . He felt her breath on his cheek, and, reassured, he unceremoniously dragged her to a clear, shining patch of sand—back to the place where she had lain wondering at the rising of the moon.

He gathered her up completely in his arms. This made her leap into motion again, like a flash of unexpected lightning. She struck him in the mouth, clawed him across the forehead, and gave him a terrible bite on the shoulder. Kaa tried to keep her from plunging, striking, and biting by drawing her tight with all his strength. A sudden blow in the eye nearly blinding him, he in turn became frantic. He struck and struck at her . . . her head, her shoulders, her back! . . . great cruel blows! . . . blows that made her gasp for breath from the shock of them. . . . Again she lay inert, and moon-white in the face. But this time she was not shamming.

The madness was over with.

What was the meaning of it all?

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The waves lapped the shore, with a thousand voices calling in the night. The great moon now rode from cloud to cloud, breaking through them, and riding on down the west. . . .

All the earth, the forest, the hills, hummed and murmured with multitudinous life. . . .

Kaa sat apart, dazed, and looked at Naa as she lay stretched out on the sand . . . What was this strange being whom he had made captive—so different from him, and yet so like him?

She turned slowly over . . . she lay prone . . . her eyes opened with a look of terror in them. Kaa moved toward her and instinctively reached out his hand. She gave a little half-sob, half-moan, and shrank from him. . . .

Again he went apart, and sat dazed. All volition, all mastering impulse, seemed to have ebbed from him. She might now escape, if she willed. Not that he did not care. He DID care. . . . He fell into a half-dream. . . . He shivered. . . . The sea . . . innumerable voices out of the dark. . . .

He came to with a feeling of moist contact. . . .

She had crept up to him. . . . Her face was against his hand. . . .

And now it was dawn.

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AN INTERLUDE

Rex H. Brittain

MY companions had left me, and gone into the great, cool church. The stained glass which they were to see I knew already. Also I knew of the shameless rattle of alms-boxes after one's little contribution has dropped into one of the many gaping wall-receptacles, and the limpet-clinging post-card sellers—pests in the House of Prayer, clamorous defilers of the Temple that reverent hands raised seven hundred years and more ago.

So I sat on the white stone steps, hollowed by the feet of those that had passed before, and lit a pungent cigarette of the Regie, and tried to think that it was good. The still air in the Place shimmered and danced in the steady heat of a Paris noon. A Marchand des Quat'z Saisons trailed by silently, her gilded heaps of fruit at ten centimes la pièce going a-begging. Again the drowsy quiet filled the square.

The deep bourdon of the great city's traffic sounded illimitably far away. A dog nosed in the gutter, and ran off. The motes danced in the sunlight. The tenuous blue thread of smoke from my cigarette drifted away into the still air. A tender melancholy seemed to enfold me—"Songe et mensonge, telle est la vie"—soft-swelling golden sails bore me far out over an azure sea. . . .

I looked up with the guilty alertness of those caught napping in full light of day.

A young woman was approaching slowly, bearing in her slim, brown arms a baby as speckless as herself. Her tired feet dragged as if she were walking in water. She was dark, and comely. Her boots were worn to the bitter end, but the sleeping child looked fat and well. She came up to me, and, saying nothing, held out to me, with a weary, enigmatical smile, picture post-cards—that only a German could have tinted, and only the blind could buy.

She did not speak, but waited. She must have been sadly used

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to refusals, for the cards were bent, and soiled. There was no ring on the appealing hand.

I believe they have a phrase for that kind of thing, "putting a premium on immorality"—is it not? These glib guides to selfishness are not to be trusted. For me, I could only hope the world would be kind to her, knowing it would not. But as she left me, she did not seem quite so tired.

I was alone again, and fell to staring at the marvellous hinges of the great door, which angels are said to have wrought. Looking at them, it seemed as if it might be true. Into my thought of them came weaving the intermittent tapping of a stick—not the metal-shod cane of the townsman, but the softer sound of the mendicant's wood.

It was a little, bent old man, walking slowly, with a wary eye out for ends of cigarettes and the like, dropped by folk who did not have to take their tobacco at second-hand. He spied my inch of unburnt Regie, and pounced on it. I silently indicated to him a full third of a cigar, flung away by some one entering the church. He thanked me, and I gave him the rest of my blue packet—the gift will seem mean to those who know the products of the Government.

He seated himself by me, and chatted, with the easy democracy of a nation, all the units of which have gone through the army side by side. I was poorly dressed, and my clothes did not betray my nationality, so there was no embarrassment in his speech, only the frank camaraderie of the Road. Times were bad, and his teeth hurt him, and he was too poor to get them attended to. He would walk to the fair at Sannois, and have them pulled in the open by some itinerant who needed help to draw the crowd to which he wished to sell patent medicines. Times were bad, and he was getting old. . . .

"Il faut toujours porter le cœur en haut!" I said to him. He agreed, smiling, but said that it was not always easy to carry the heart high. He too was exquisitely clean. He told me that he washed in brooks by the road. I expressed envy, and he told me with a rather bitter wisdom that a man with an empty stomach was blind to the idyllic side of the country.

"It is a long life, M'sieu," he said, "and at the end, as the

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good Pascal says, one must die alone." And he got up to go, sure at least of his next meal.

"On mourra seul!"

My companions came out of the church, swinging their kodaks.

MY THOUGHTS

ALAN D. MICKLE

I WATCH the clouds drifting solemnly, dreamily, mysteriously by before the gloomy mountains. And to the touch of, to me, invisible and impalpable forces, I see them change their shapes. And then, though the day is a grey and wintry one, I think of a perfect morning in the south of Italy and a ragged old shepherd I once saw there lying upon the green grass. And I think of the strange tune I heard him play upon a pipe as he watched his sheep. And I know of no reason why I should think of these things. My thoughts just form and change and drift mysteriously by like the clouds before the mountains.

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OUR VENTURE IN LOVE

T. B.

THIS evening, for the first time in months, as we were walking home arm-in-arm, my wife danced her old lilting hoppity-hop. Coming now again after a long cessation, it is my final assurance that she has actually returned to me—after our venture in love.

II

Through the years of late boyhood and early manhood, there swelled up within me the growing passion for a son. I see now that in all my early sweet-hearting, my mind tacked and veered as I unconsciously considered the requirement of motherhood. God forgive me for not more seriously going about the improvement of my fitness for fatherhood, though indeed occasions were by no means infrequent when in an agony of abasement I doubted my right to risk the mirroring of my strong weaknesses in the hope of bestowing my weak strengths.

Those years passed and I fell in love. It is still impossible for me to say whether she drew me first as a potential wife or as a potential mother. The consciousness that she was as satisfying in the one rôle as in the other was almost a unit. After a long "herb moon," occupied in working and waiting, we were married.

III

More than a year had passed when in the golden early autumn our venture in love began.

The mystery and magic of the months that followed formed a book of charm more fascinating to us than Sindbad or Ali Baba or Jason or the whole world of romance had ever offered. Each day new beauties appeared in her face, new tones in her voice, new graces in her mind. Always a poet, she now found beauty

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in "the mud and scum of things"; always sympathetic, she now sent out tendrils of interest to the obscurest waif in the newspaper; always a wit, her mind now flashed and sparkled, illumining every point of contact. Life was higher, deeper, broader to her—and to me.

IV

We talked and planned freely for "him," never doubting it was a man-child we "had gotten from the Lord." He was a real presence, an actual son; he made a third in our circle from the first quickening movement until his birth—and death. And well for us that we had him with us during those months, for he did not stay; and had we waited to possess him he would have remained a mere episode, a hope, a glance of ten minutes' duration. For he was left on the shore of the Ocean of Life, and some have pitied us for that our ship so eagerly expected should have been lost,—some who know nothing of the rich cargoes that survived across those dark waters, some who cannot imagine the unvalued pearl that the black receding tide left at our feet.

They have intimated that we were too presumptuous of our coming joy, and God in wise rebuke took the cup from our lips. Very well! But the cup was at our lips for a long, sweet draught.

V

I cannot recall that time without pain and joy of transcendent poignancy. She who had always joined the head of a woman to the heart of a child came daily nearer the dawn of life and in her eyes shone all the spectra of the beautiful young Apollo about to trail upon us with his "clouds of glory." In looking upon her and cautioning, warning, rallying, loving her, the wonder is, not that I lost some husks of self-concern, some sheath of complacency, but that I did not become a transfigured, hyacinthine god. A gleam of the divine in the presence of a good woman quickened to motherhood reveals to her husband the

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high destiny of the race, the exalted beauty of generation, and the profound obligation of parenthood.

These are things that the biologist and the psychologist wot not of. The father knows. If he thereafter defames woman or flouts little children or travesties the ways of love, let him be damned in the deepest hell!

So the time went by, and our son's life pervaded the lives of each of us and the life of both in such a way that it seems now a foolish and ignorant fancy that some of our friends show in supposing that he lived only ten minutes and that his mother never knew him.

VI

Then came the night eagerly, trustfully, never fearfully awaited—the threshold of a new stage of life for our boy—a wonderful and terrifying time which only love could make triumphant. Came the dark hour when the mother spent her life jubilantly and riotously to give him freedom—the pitting of son and mother—sixty hours of waking agony for the father—the interposition of an inexplicable "brute" fact that cost the boy his life and carried the mother to the very verge of the flood—a moment's response to a stern chemical command when the sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks created a perfection of beauty beyond the range of earthly imagination—the immediate and death-like change whose pallor and quiet stopped the watcher's heart—the wordless disposition of the little tenement of our son—then the slow, sometimes heart-broken, but always courageous climb up the slope to the plateau of life again. . . .

And now, this evening, for the first time in months, as we were walking home arm-in-arm, my sweet wife danced her old girlish hoppity-hop.

VII

She went bravely and beautifully into our venture; she came bravely and more beautifully out.

We went down with arms laden with gifts and hearts aching to be filled. We have come up with empty arms indeed, but with hearts filled to aching.

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THE TWO FLAMES

ELOISE BRITON

BEHIND my mask of life there lies a shrine
Wherein two flames are burning. Day and night
I tend these leaping treasures that are mine,
These lambent loves, the red one and the white,
While, priestess-like, I hang at either glow,
For each is perfect. And to each I bring
The oil of pure emotion, hottest so,
And draw new strength from my own offering.

The first of these my loves burns as a star
That lifts its keen, white glory into space
With virgin fervor, lavishing afar
Its vivid purity: and in the face
Of changeful worlds it glows unaltered still.
So burns my flame of friendship. In its sight
All things are silvered with a new delight
And beauty's self strikes deeper, till the thrill
Of mere existence vibrates like a string.
Then life is grown so taut that it must sing,
And all the little hills must clap their hands.
The soul is free as never bird on wing
To bathe in friendship like a sea of light:
And ever as it mounts the sea expands
In new infinities, and each new height
Grows keener than the last, until the mind
For very dizziness sweeps downward then
To simpler things, the cadence of a voice,
Or sweet, low laughter, idle as the wind,
Or fleeting touch of hands that quick rejoice
But ask no more and do not touch again.
With this white flame there comes a strange new peace,
A deep tranquillity unknown beside,
Where all my life's cross-currents shift and cease
Like runways in the sand before the tide.

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And all that I have longed to be, the brave
High dreams of youth that languished nigh forgot
Seem half accomplished. Easy now to slave
At tasks colossal, so my friend fail not.
And I am filled with gentle wonderment
That life can be so good and breath so sweet:
While all my world grows suddenly complete
That I must love it with a new content.
So speech grows overfull, and we are fain
To drink of silence like a golden cup
With wine of sweet companionship filled up
That has no end, nor any thirst can drain.
And so at last no wish is left to me
Save thus to dream into eternity.
This is my first white love.

The second flame
Burns red and fierce as noon-time on the earth,
A wild, full-blooded love that sprang to birth
Naked and unafraid, yet scorning shame
And clean as winds that sweep the desert's breast.
My flame of passion this, born of the sun
And warm red earth, so æon-long ago,
In languid, throbbing noons, when dust was pressed
To amorous dust, and longing made it one.
This is a good love too, and must be so,
Though bloodless fathers crushed it and denied,
And on a cross of virtue crucified
This firm sweet flesh that colors with our soul.
Aye! it is good, and beautiful, and clean,
To feel within my veins the surge and flow
Of young desire waking, that the whole
Warm universe has felt: to call, and preen,
And dance before my mate that he may know
An answering surge, and leap, and make me his
And glad with every fecund thing that is.
God! It is good to feel the primal cry,
The deep, mad longing for another life,—

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My life and his, that shall be born of me,—
A little child of flame, that when we die
We may cheat time, nor perish in the strife:
But in this hour of vital ecstasy
When life is molten, we may stamp thereon
Our own glad image, and conceive, and live.
And sweet it is, and languid, when the tide
Has ebbed, for lack of more than I can give,
To take his hand who breathes so close beside
And lay it on my breast, and humble me
To say: "Thou art my lord. Thy will my own."
So at the last this wish is mine, to be
Struck at the high-tide into nothingness,
To die, ere he can learn to love me less.

So these my loves are perfect, each alone
Sufficient in itself and all complete,
Yet one of two, like rival beacons shown,
That call and call me, but that never meet.
For yet they have not met, nor ever burned
The white flame in the red, the red in white
Till both were wed together there, and turned
To some half-dreamed intensity of light.

For I have dreamed,—yes, in my priestess soul
The longing grows for one great altar fire
That shall leap up to heaven, a winged desire,
Not two but one, a perfect, living whole.
Is this a dream? Are all great lovers dreams?
Can red and white be fused, or two be one?
Yseult and Eloise, are they but themes
Whereon men hang the yearnings they have spun?
And must I cherish so till the end's end
My sweet loves sundered, lover here, or friend?
Nay, I know not! I guard by day and night
My leaping flames, the red one and the white.

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BREAD AND BUTTER AND ART

FREDERICK JAMES GREGG

WE are getting on in spite of the cries of those who are being pushed to the wall. There was a time when if you got half a dozen men around a marble-topped café table they would quarrel about politics, eugenics, socialism, or what not. Now you will find them arguing about the new sculpture and the new painting. The arts have, in fact, been losing their museum quality, have been brought into the places where people live, enjoy themselves and take their ease. Even those who refuse to be convinced are forced to admit that for them too the light has passed out of many an admired canvas and the charm out of many an adored bronze or marble. A period of disillusion this is, surely, even if it should prove in the long run to be the birth time of a new illusion.

It had come to be taken for granted, in some quarters, that art was not so much even as a subject of general inquiry. This usually took the form of an assertion, by certain artists, that they only were the proper judges of painting and sculpture. This claim might be shown to be fantastic by citing the plain fact that the bitterest foes of men of genius have been those of their own craft, and that, in the majority of cases, a proper appreciation of what was strange and unusual had been arrived at and expressed by those whose minds were not warped by the prejudices induced by professional self-interest. The painter who has struggled to recognition and success against the opposition of the older men of his own day and generation becomes set in his ideas in the long run. From a young "rebel" he grows into an elderly conservative, and fails to notice that his latter case corresponds exactly with that of his former foes.

Then there is the natural weakness of the human mind for finality. Even such a genius as Swift thought that the English language might be fixed once for all. Many want everything settled and done with, for why should not what is good enough for to-day be good enough for to-morrow? But the imagination does not move along painfully from precedent to

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precedent. It delights in breaking the rules and mocks at the canons. The difference between a genius and a man of talent is that the genius stands for the greatest freedom of the imagination, while in the talented man the imagination is made to conform to limitations suggested by prudence, or respectability, or both.

The academic attitude is almost pathetically familiar. There is no mystery about it. It involves arraying the institution against the outside individual. But new blood, it will be said, is injected into the organization frequently. True enough. Yet it will be found that care is taken not to make the process dangerous in any sense. So, as they say that the most stubborn defender of class privilege is always a former radical, your most sturdy academician is always a sometime rebel. That his work has been consecrated by orthodox approval makes him forgive what disgusted him before in his new associates. He may delude himself into the belief that they have changed. What he doesn't see is that the change is in himself. The last thing that he is likely to understand is that his capture may be used as an argument to prove for the benefit of the careless that the enemies of what is new are ever on the lookout for what is different from the old.

Of the same family with the academician is the art teacher. Of course he may be one and the same person, but in this second special capacity he is more injurious than in the other. He begins by having pupils and ends by having disciples. His favorites are those who succeed in imitating his method and manner. Having surrounded himself with a band of followers, he attaches them to his fortunes by using his official influence on their behalf. The lucky ones start with prizes, proceed to medals, advance to the dignity of associate academicians and then discover that honors in perpetuity, like wall-space in the Metropolitan Museum, are not beyond their reach. If the master is attacked, or if anybody has the temerity to try to help the "cause of art" without his consent, the hangers-on are up in arms at once. The great man usually has a very foreign name, the more so the better. But he is very patriotic. He is all for national art, and looks on art from abroad with frowning,

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or at least mild condescension. When he is cornered, or has no other argument available, he hauls forth from his coat-tail pocket the flag of his adopted country and waves it with all the assurance of a vulgar singing-actor appealing to the top gallery. One might fancy with justice indeed that it was not the mummer, but the artist, who had first commercialized the most sacred symbol of the nation.

The more one considers the attitude of the academic, of the teachers and of the run of established artists, the plainer it becomes that prejudice is the result of stout loyalty to bread and butter, bed and board. The "arrived" producers of works of art are as much concerned as the over-stocked middleman, the dealer, at the very thought of any disturbance in public taste. The more sedate of the magazines are now full of protests against the lawlessness of the age, and those who fought valiantly the good fight for the Impressionists are leaders in defending us from what they are pleased to describe as the vicious and corrupting influence of the Post-Impressionists.

Few have the sense of the correspondent of a provincial newspaper, described by W. B. Yeats, who was ordered by his chief to send him an article on the first London Post-Impressionist exhibition. The following reply went down to Manchester: "I have seen the pictures and think that they are rotten. But I won't say so in print, for I don't want to look like a damned fool twenty years from now."

American Modernists! A year ago that would have been a contradiction in terms, except in the case of a few very young men who had brought home from Paris a taste for the new styles in painting and sculpture; young men who apparently showed little discrimination, except in so far as they were determined to be in the fashion.

Mr. Roosevelt, after his visit to the Armoury International Exhibition, said, "It is a good thing to shake them up." Once more the shrewd intuition of the layman has been justified. For those who shook up others have been shaken up themselves. At that time it was possible to count on the fingers of one hand the American painters and sculptors who showed in their work any sign of a progressive spirit. Exhibitions held in New York

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this year afforded an opportunity to estimate to what extent the original show had brought our men into the current of influences which had been powerful in Europe for some time, influences commonly designed as "post-impressionistic."

It was made clear that some had added, or were trying to add, a fresh quality to their work. Some new element had been assimilated or partly assimilated. At any rate it was obvious that certain of the Americans had determined to sink or swim with the so-called innovators of France, Germany, Russia and England.

Is there, or can there be, such a thing as "new art"? May any art be called "old"? The right answer to both questions seems to be "no." But the expression "new art," though objectionable as having been applied to the fantastic vulgarities of the nineties, may be used as a convenient synonym for "modernist art"—even if the Modernists, for all their talk about breaking with the past, are the very men who are doing most in the way of bringing people into sympathy with the most archaic works that have survived anywhere from Egypt to China.

We cannot define beauty. The æsthetic appeal is as elusive as what is called "sex appeal" in the jargon of the moment. Ruskin, in a characteristically English way, confounded the impulse toward the beautiful with the moral impulse, while Walter Pater, as a result of his neo-Greek prejudices, perhaps, seemed to identify what had been called in the eighteenth century a love of the beautiful, with a tendency toward sin. So the famous smile of the rather stupid Monna Lisa became for him a satisfactory and very suggestive symbol of all the wickedness of all the ages. For, as he put it, into that face the soul with all its maladies had passed.

"Music and morals," like "literature and dogma," was a Victorian conceit. Only the old-fashioned of our time discuss "art and life" as if it were a question of eugenics, and to find a comparison to fit their denunciation of the Post-Impressionists it is necessary to recall the abuse heaped on Ibsen when the slamming of the door by Nora was heard all over Europe.

But if we have got away from the ideas expressed in the puritanical moralizing of Ruskin and the pseudo-pagan philos-

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ophy of Pater, beauty, like truth, is still at the bottom of the well.

Why the anger of the conservatives? For them the crime of the new generation appears to be that it is set on a Nietzschean transvaluation of all values. What is to become of us, we are asked, if the standards are upset? To this the answer is that what are looked on as standards are nothing in the world but conventions to which people have become accustomed. Only the mischief-loving of the present delight to throw stones at objects of reverence, as in the epigram, "The old masters exist but to show us what to avoid." The old masters are very well able to take care of themselves, with the ever-present aid of unerring Time, the one infallible critic that we know of.

Harold Höffding of Copenhagen, the critical Monist, in the little book which the late William James called his friend's philosophical testament, divided philosophical ideas into two classes, the first of which were intended, or used, "to solve certain problems," while the other "represented certain tendencies in the intellectual life of man." Here is the distinction between an instrument, a means to an end, and a symptom. Even if every comparison is dangerous and every parallel more or less false, it might be interesting to attempt the application of Höffding's definition in certain directions.

Take politics, a subject which everybody is supposed to understand. A tariff bill represents the application of certain ideas to the end of solving the problem of the cost of living, or the problem of the extension of a country's markets. On the other hand the ideas let loose at the time of the American or of the French Revolution represented certain tendencies of the intellectual life of the men of the period.

Take art, a more obscure subject! The older, conservative painters and sculptors of our time consider their skill as a means to the solution of a problem, that of the representation of external things. The new men, as they are called, are more interested in the application of their skill as a means by which to represent symptoms of certain tendencies of their own intellectual or emotional life, and so of the intellectual and emotional life of

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the age. Hence the controversies over subjectivity and objectivity, suggestion and reproduction.

Any one of a number of examples would do. But consider Mr. William M. Chase, in a familiar attitude, at his easel and face to face with a platter of fish. The problem then, for him, is to render his models in terms of—fish. Just that and nothing more. On the other hand, M. Matisse in the same situation would be perfectly sure to render the fish in terms of—Matisse. They would be bound to represent, and so would afford a chance to the scornful, certain tendencies of the intellectual or emotional life of Matisse.

It is true that in what might be called Mr. Chase's descriptive account of the fish, certain psychical phenomena would emerge. But they would be only incidental. On the other hand, in the case of Matisse, the psychical phenomena would be essential, while what might be called roughly the physical phenomena would be only incidental.

Mr. Chase believes, of course, that he is engaged in the pursuit of truth, that is to say, the truthful appearance of the object before him. But what he ignores is the extent to which the appearance really resides in himself, as the artist, and not in the model, just as beauty resides in the eye of the beholder. In a sense he falls into the common-sense fallacy of Dr. Johnson, who kicked a stone on the public highway in order to refute Berkeley and demonstrate the independent existence and reality of the external universe.

When some one says of a sculpture by Brancusi, "No woman could ever have looked like that," the criticism means simply that, in the light of an existing convention, the artist's work seems absurd. But all art is a succession of conventions, rejected at first, then tolerated and finally accepted: we first endure, then pity, then embrace. The lasting quality depends on the individuality of the artist as expressed in his work, in spite of the limitations suggested, or imposed, by previous formulæ. Genius, in fact, may be considered, for all practical purposes, as the thing which drives an artist to shake himself free from formula, though, in turn, by his success, he may be the cause of a new formula. So the body of enduring work in painting, sculpture,

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music and poetry is that produced by the discontented of all periods, those feeling a greater need for self-expression than could be satisfied through conformity to the methods of those around them. If there is a number of such breakers of new ground, they will be grouped in the minds of the public, which will insist on talking of the whole business as a "movement," no matter how little relation the individuals in it may have to each other. Indeed, in any organized display of the works of a number of original men it is often hard to discover anything that they have in common, apart from their general hatred of the conventional.

Unfortunately the critical faculty does not go ordinarily hand in hand with the creative, in spite of the arrogant claims of the run of artists. There is, to take a notorious literary instance, no more bewildering example of the stupidity in judgment of men of genius than is to be found in the opinions of the Romanticists on their contemporaries. Thus Byron had little respect for Keats and a great deal for Tom Moore, while the mighty Goethe regarded Byron as the greatest English poet of an age that had produced Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. It must be admitted, however, that as great mistakes in judgment have been made by the composers of music when they venture into the dread field of criticism, or try to anticipate the verdict of posterity.

The golden roll of the geniuses is but the record of the succession of stormy souls who have broken from safe moorings from time to time. This the detractors of the present will not admit, nor will they concede that the mistakes of the past ought to be as warning lamps to our feet. If Manet was derided as a violator of the rules, his case, we are told, if not in so many words, is quite exceptional. So because he was mocked at, it does not follow that Matisse should be spared the horse-pond. Manet was Manet and Matisse is Matisse! Let Matisse get what he deserves, of course—but! . . . Surely the long story of critical imbecility should make some appeal to those of good wits as well as good will.

Apart from the Cubists, the new men seem to have evolved no general convention. Just as individuality, or personality,

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was the main characteristic of Gauguin and Van Gogh, the successors of Cézanne, so it is conspicuous in Chabaud, Blanchet, Zak, Bernard, Lehmbruck, Archipanko, Bourdelle, and the mighty Brancusi. Each of these painters or sculptors stands on his own feet and sees with his own eyes. On the other hand, the Cubists, on account of the label which they wear, in spite of themselves it is true, suggest that what they represent is bound to be rather an influence, a point of departure, than anything else.

Compare Matisse with Picasso! The first is as free from any sign of "school" or "movement" as anyone could well be. As for the second, it is impossible to do more than guess what will be the next manifestation of his art.

What is a riddle for one generation is a commonplace for the next. Wagner was the "organizer of noise" even for many of the intelligent in the New York and London of the eighties. These did not divine in him the great wizard of harmony, knowing and using every trick in his appeal to the exposed nerves of his hearers. There was nothing out of the way about this failure to hear and understand. It is the usual practice with the conservatives to deny to him who practises a new method in the arts the possession of what comes to be regarded, later on, as his most conspicuous quality.

It may be that the spirit in which we approach any work of art is more important than any understanding of it. Understanding may come at any time. Arrogance locks from the outside the door of a possible treasure-house, and throws away the key.

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THE WORLD OF H. G. WELLS

V

VAN WYCK BROOKS

A Personal Chapter

I DOUBT if there are many living men of note who, a generation after they are dead, will be so fully and easily "explained" as H. G. Wells. He is a most personal and transparent writer, a most empirical mind; he is the effect of conditions and forces which have existed for scarcely more than two generations. But for these very reasons it is very difficult to see him in perspective, and to explain him would be to explain the age in which we live. Let me at least give certain facts and reflections about his life written by Wells himself, a few years ago, in the introduction to a Russian translation of his writings:

"I am just now forty-two years old, and I was born * in that queer indefinite class that we call in England the middle class. I am not a bit aristocratic; I do not know any of my ancestors beyond my grandparents, and about them I do not know very much, because I am the youngest son of my father and mother and their parents were all dead before I was born. My mother was the daughter of an innkeeper at a place called Midhurst, who supplied post-horses to the coaches before the railways came; my father was the son of the head gardener of Lord de Lisle at Penshurst Castle, in Kent. They had various changes of fortune and position; for most of his life my father kept a little shop in a suburb of London, and eked out his resources by playing a game called cricket, which is not only a pastime, but a show which people will pay to see, and which, therefore, affords a living to professional players. His shop was unsuccessful, and my mother, who had been a lady's maid, became, when I was twelve years old, housekeeper in a large country house. I too was destined to be a shopkeeper. I left school at thirteen for that purpose. I was apprenticed first to a chemist, and, that proving unsatisfactory, to a draper. But after a year or

* September 21, 1866.

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so it became evident to me that the facilities that were and still are increasing in England, offered me better chances in life than a shop and comparative illiteracy could do; and so I struggled for and got various grants and scholarships that enabled me to study and take a degree in science and some mediocre honors in the new and now great and growing University of London. . . . After I had graduated I taught biology for two or three years, and then became a journalist. . . . I began first to write literary articles, criticisms, and so forth, and presently short imaginative stories in which I made use of the teeming suggestions of modern science. . . ."

So much for the facts. The reflections are not less illuminating:

"The literary life is one of the modern forms of adventure. Success with a book—even such a commercially modest success as mine has been—means in the English-speaking world not merely a moderate financial independence, but the utmost freedom of movement and intercourse. A poor man is lifted out of his narrow circumstances into familiar and unrestrained intercourse with a great variety of people. He sees the world; if his work excites interest he meets philosophers, scientific men, soldiers, artists, professional men, politicians of all sorts, the rich, the great, and he may make such use of them as he can. He finds himself no longer reading in books and papers, but hearing and touching at first hand the big questions that sway men, the initiatives that shape human affairs. . . . To be a literary artist is to want to render one's impresssions of the things about one. Life has interested me enormously and filled me with ideas and associations I want to present again. I have liked life and like it more and more. The days in the shop and the servants' hall, the straightened struggles of my early manhood, have stored me with vivid memories that illuminate and help me to appreciate all the wider vistas of my later social experiences. I have friends and intimates now at almost every social level, from that of a peer to that of a pauper, and I find my sympathies and curiosities stretching like a thin spider's web from top to bottom of the social tangle. I count that wide social range one of the most fortunate accidents of my life, and another is that I am

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of a diffident and ineffectual presence, unpunctual, fitful, and easily bored by other than literary effort; so that I am not tempted to cut a figure in the world and abandon that work of observing and writing which is my proper business in it."

This candid and exact statement enables us to see just how far, in matters of fact, experience and belief, the autobiographical motive has entered his writings. It would be possible to show how inevitably such an ideal as that of the New Republican Samurai arose from such a life; how much that conscious and deliberate insistence on personal efficiency and orderly ways, that repudiation of mental confusion, sluggishness, and sentiment may figure as a kind of stepping-stone from the world of Kipps and Polly to the world of Remington and Trafford; how a self-wrought scientific education would form the basis of an ideal of aristocracy rising from it; and how the motto "There is no Being but Becoming" would express its own constant desertion of levels achieved, its own pressing upward to levels equally transient. Just as the "democratic person" of Whitman raises his own fervent, chaotic and standardless experience into an ideal, so also the ideal of Wells is nothing more than the projection of his own experimental opportunism. It is impossible in discussing Wells to ignore this social ascent; for in England a man passes from one stratum to another only by virtue of a certain lack of substantiality, a power to disencumber himself, to shed customs and affections and all the densenesses and coagulations which mark each grade in that closely defined social hierarchy. The world of shop-keeping in England is a world girt about with immemorial subjections; it is, one might say, a moss-covered world; and to shake oneself loose from it is to become a rolling stone, a drifting and unsettled, a detached and acutely personal, individual. It is to pass from a certain confined social maturity, a confused mellowness, into a world wholly adventurous and critical, into a freedom which achieves itself at the expense of solidity and warmth. In Wells, for instance, the sense of the soil is wholly supplanted by the sense of machinery. His evolution has been the reverse of the usual evolution from what Bacon called the *lumen siccum* to the *lumen humidum,* from the dry light to the light that is drenched in

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customs and affections. Instead of growing mellower he has grown more and more fluid and electric, in direct ratio to the growing width of his social horizon.

To prove this one has only to consider his novels. There was a time when he had in common with Dickens and De Foe the quality they have in common with one another—the quality of homeliness. He drew the little world he knew well, the limited and lovable world of small folk. Mr. Hoopdriver, Delia the chambermaid, Kipps and Ann Pornick—a score of these helpless, grown-up little children he pictured with a radiant affection, tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. It is more in the nature of his later thought to see poverty as a wasteful rather than a cruel thing, even though he may not have approached the instinctive harshness of Bernard Shaw's observation: "I have never had any feeling about the English working classes except a desire to abolish them and replace them by sensible people."

Certainly he has not experienced any other world in quite this way. "I count that wide social range one of the most fortunate accidents in my life," he says. Accidental one feels it to be, as of a man inhabiting the great world by virtue of sheer talent, whose nature has not in any sense settled there. His philosophy and his socialism are outgrowths of his own experience; they erect into reasons and theories the nature of a life which is not at home, and which easily unburdens itself of all that seems insensate because it is unfamiliar. To be a socialist at all is to have accustomed oneself, through necessity or imagination, to a certain detachment from a great many of the familiar, lovable, encumbering, delightful stupidities of the world. And Wells has travelled up and down through time and space too much to have any great regard for the present. "I have come to be, I am afraid," he says, in *The Future in America,* "even a little insensitive to fine immediate things through this anticipatory habit. . . . There are times indeed when it makes life seem so transparent and flimsy, seem so dissolving, so passing on to an equally transitory series of consequences—" His hold upon the present is so far from inevitable that *The New Machiavelli* and *Marriage,* realistic as they are, are represented as being written some years hence, our own time already appear-

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ing retrospectively in them. As little as Faust has he been tempted to call out upon the passing moment. His main characters drift through this period of time, substantial themselves but with a background of insubstantialities, in a way that recalls Paolo and Francesca looming out of the phantom cloud-procession of the *Inferno*.

Into this larger world, in short, he has carried with him only himself and his own story. We live in two worlds—the primary world of vivid personal realities and the secondary world of our human background. It is the secondary world that anchors us in time and space; the primary world we carry with us as part of ourselves. In Wells there is no secondary world, no human background, no sense of abiding relations. It is his philosophy of life and the quality of his men and women to be experimental in a plastic scheme. His range is very small: the same figures reappear constantly. There is the Wells hero,—Lewisham, Capes, Ponderevo, Remington, Trafford, Stratton; there is the Wells heroine, Ann Veronica, Isabel, Marjorie, Lady Mary; there is the ineffectual woman with whom the Wells hero becomes entangled, Capes's first wife, Marion, Margaret; there is the ineffectual man with whom the Wells heroine becomes entangled, Magnet, Manning. To strike the lowest common denominator in this tangle is inevitably to arrive once more, one feels, in the region of personal experience. Although it cannot be said that his minor characters are lacking in reality, they are certainly intellectual portraits, and outside the limits of subjective experience. The principal men and women of Wells move through a world seen, but hardly a world felt.

This want of social background makes his characters as detached from the familiar earth as chessmen are detached from a chessboard. They never seem to be, like most men and women either in life or fiction, like the Kipps and Polly of his own earlier fiction, vegetable growths. Heredity, fatality, the soil are not mainly operating forces with them. They are creatures of intelligence and free will, freely and intelligently making and moulding themselves and their circumstances. Human nature in Wells is very largely a sheer thing, a thing that begins with itself, answers for itself, lives at first hand. That is the per-

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sonal quality of the man himself, and it follows that the quality is wholly convincing only where what I have called his primary world is concerned: the rest of the world he builds up by intelligent observation and the literary talent of creating human stuff out of whole cloth.

In this he is well served by his antipathies. His belief in personal self-determinism is so strong that he instinctively sees the vegetative nature of the ordinary life as a kind of moral slump, a thing detestably wanting in initiative, faith, energy, will. And consequently the Normal Social Life against which he is always tilting, is a life seen by him with all the vividness of an intense personal and philosophical animosity. Consider, for example, the portraits of Mr. Pope and Mr. Stanley, survivals in a sense of the old Sir Roger de Coverley type, with all the sweetness gone out of it and only the odious qualities left: the domineering, vain, proprietary qualities. They exist mainly as symbols of everything that enlightened and right-minded daughters will not put up with; they come as near to being the foils of right destiny as Wells will ever allow; they sum up everything that stands in the way of man's free will. They are mercilessly dealt with, and they are memorable figures.

Without this antipathy, and outside his own primary world, he pretty generally fails. One recalls, for example, old Mrs. Trafford in *Marriage,* evidently intended to be his ideal of the enlightened woman grown old. She is a pale, dimly perfect, automatically wise old lady carved out of wood. Trafford himself, one feels, is a chip of the same block. Trafford obviously is not Wells himself, as Ponderevo and Remington are Wells: he is the Utopian counterpart of these persons, at least in the matter that concerns Wells most, the matter of sex. One could show that, aside from the six or eight chief characters who in their various ways express the nature and experience of Wells himself, he succeeds in his portraiture only where no demand is made on his sympathies.

The same absence of social background which throws into relief his primary world of characters throws into relief also the primary facts of human nature. Trafford and Marjorie, the most conventionally placed of his characters, pull up stakes,

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leave their children, and go to Labrador; his other men and women are even more independent of the social network. Consequently they are independent of that chain of relationships—friendship, affection, minor obligations—which mitigate, subdue, soften the primary motives of most people. They are almost startlingly physical. Their instincts are as sure as those of cavemen, and their conduct as direct. They are as clear about the essential matter of love as ever Schopenhauer was, or Adam and Eve, and they stand out as sharply against the embarrassments and secrecies of the usual world as a volcanic rock stands out against a tropical landscape. In this without doubt they exhibit the fact that socialism does and will actually alter human nature, and that in the instinctive socialist human nature is already altered. For socialism inflexibly militates against those more sentimental aspects of love, love of country as such, the paternal and feudal principles, love of property, and the like, which belong properly to the intelligence, all those functions where love, in a majority of cases, goes wrong, blunders, stultifies growth, confuses the public design of the world. As a result it throws love into relief, emphasizes the nature of sex and the *raison d'être* of reproduction; makes it, to use a favorite word of Wells, stark.

I pause at this word. It is one of those talismanic words one finds perpetually cropping up in the writings of men who have a marked point of view, words that express deep and abiding preferences and often set the key of an entire philosophy. "I like bare things," says George Ponderevo in *Tono-Bungay;* "stripped things, plain, austere, and continent things, fine lines and cold colors." That is the gesture of an artistic mind which repudiates, with an impatient sharpness, all the entanglements of the ordinary world. It is Oriental, it is Japanese, it is anything you like; but if it is English also it marks an entirely new régime. Without question it is English, and American as well. Thousands of people share that preference, and were economic socialism to go by the board we should still have to reckon with the progress of socialistic human nature. It detaches itself each day a little more from property, locality, and the hope of reward; it ceases to be necessitarian, it becomes voluntary; it regulates

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drudgery to mechanical devices; it releases the individual to a sense of his own coöperative and contributory place in the scheme of a more orderly future. Relatively speaking, the tendency of our kind is all away from luxury, sloth, complacency, confusion, ignorance, filth, heat, proprietorship, and all in the direction of light, austerity, agility, intelligence, coolness, athletic energy, understanding, cleanliness, order, "bare things, fine lines, and cold colors."

That is evident, and it is equally evident that the personal character and career of Wells are emblematic of this entire tendency. He has unravelled himself by science, talent, and vigor out of "lower middle class" Victorianism. Is it strange that he has adopted as a kind of sacred image that light, free and charming product of our decade, the aeroplane, sprung as it is out of the wreckage, out of the secret beginnings, the confused muscularities, the effort and smoke of the most chaotic of all centuries, like a blade of exquisitely tempered and chased steel which justifies everything that was most laborious and unsightly in the forge?

But considered as a sacred image the aeroplane has its limitations. So also, considered as an exponent of life, has Wells. Philosophy and religion, as he presents them, are simply what he chooses to think and feel, what he has been led by his own experience to think and feel. His main experience has been the experience of disentangling himself, and therefore life, reflected from within himself, is to him a thing also which disentangles itself and grows ever more free, simple, and lucid. In the mind of Wells this process has taken on an altogether mystical, transcendental significance, a religious aspect. Possible as that is to himself personally, how far can it be taken as an argument *ad hominem?* How does it qualify him as a teacher, a public voice, a thinker for the mass of men? How does the conception of life purely as a process relate itself to human experience?

Applied to history it seems to fail. Wells is devoid of historical imagination. In his portrait of Margaret in *The New Machiavelli* he has properly, though somewhat harshly, repudiated what ordinarily passes for culture. But had he himself possessed the reality of what seems to him simply "living at

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second hand," he would never have been led to refer to Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Dürer as "pathetically reaching out, as it were, with empty desirous hands toward the unborn possibilities of the engineer." That is a very interesting and a very extraordinary statement, and it is quite true that each of these men would have rejoiced in the engineering possibilities of our time. But how much of the soul of Michael Angelo, for example, was involved in engineering? How far can his hands be said to have been "empty" for the want of scope in engineering? The power and the function of Michael Angelo can rightly be seen, not in relation to any sort of social or mechanical process, but in relation to things that are permanent in human nature, in relation to just those matters included in the admonition of Wells to "reject all such ideas as Right, Liberty, Happiness, Duty, and Beauty, and hold fast to the assertion of the fundamental nature of life as a tissue and succession of births." Again, consider a somewhat similar reference to Marcus Aurelius, of which the gist is that the author of the *Meditations* was, actually in consequence of his own character, the father of one of the worst rulers the world has known. The implication here is that the study of self-perfection in the father was complementary to, if not responsible for, the social impotence and blindness of the son. Instead of dedicating himself to the static ideal of personal character, the assumption seems to be that Marcus Aurelius ought to have lived exclusively in his function as ruler and father. He studied himself, not as a ruler but as a man, and the social process had its revenge on his line. To Wells, in a word, the static elements of character and the study of perfection are not to be distinguished from vicious self-consequence.

Consider also a recent passage in which he has given a general impression of literature. "It seems to me more and more as I live longer that most poetry and most literature and particularly the literature of the past is discordant with the vastness and variety, the reserves and resources and recuperations of life as we live it to-day. It is the expression of life under cruder and more rigid conditions than ours, lived by people who loved and hated more naïvely, aged sooner and died younger than we

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do. Solitary persons and single events dominated them as they do not dominate us." To appreciate this meditation one has to remember the character and career which led to the writing of it. But so far as we others are concerned, how far can the assumption it rests upon be considered valid, the assumption of a process that sweeps men on and leads human nature as it were progressively to shed itself? Dr. Johnson, for example, was a man the conditions of whose life were crude and rigid in the extreme, a man singularly dominated by solitary persons and single events, but is his conversation discordant with the variety, the " reserves, resources, and recuperations of life as we live it to-day" ? I can well understand this feeling. To pass directly from the thin, tentative, exhilarating, expansive air of our own time into the presence of that funny, stuffy, cocksure, pompous old man is to receive a preposterous shock. But having come to laugh one stops with a very different sensation. The depths of personality and wisdom that exist there take on a disconcerting significance in relation to contemporary pragmatism. The mass of men veer about; far-separated epochs have their elective affinities, and if anything about the future is plain it is that this, that and the other generation will find in Dr. Johnson a strangely premature contemporary.

Wells has himself admitted this principle. To Plutarch, Rabelais, Machiavelli he has paid his tribute. Hear what George Ponderevo has to say about Plutarch in his recollections of Bladesover House: " I found Langhorne's *Plutarch* too, I remember, on those shelves. It seems queer to me now to think that I acquired pride and self-respect, the idea of a state and the germ of public spirit, in such a furtive fashion; queer, too, that it should rest with an old Greek, dead these eighteen hundred years, to teach me that." Considering what part the notion of a state plays in his range of ideas, that is a remarkable confession. But why stop with statecraft? The human mind could not, in all epochs, have established permanent ideals of statecraft without permanent ideals of a more strictly personal kind.

The truth is that Wells, for all that he has passed outside the economics of socialism, is really bounded by the circle of ideas which produced them. The typical Marxian, the concen-

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trated Marxian, will tell you that life is summed up in the theory of value, and that the only true thing is economic determinism. Measuring all thought by that criterion, he finds Dante and Shakespeare unintelligible and offensive gibberish, and will scent the trail of the capitalist in Grimm's Fairy Tales. That is the crude form in which exclusive socialism presents itself. To say that "the fundamental nature of life is a tissue and succession of births" is merely a refinement of this. It is true, just as the economic determinism of Marx on the whole is true. But the world is full of a number of things; or rather it is the business of a reasonable mind to see it in a number of ways at once. Because there is a Will to Live and a Will to Power, because things grow and continue to grow, that does not explain love, or pain, or friendship, or music, or poetry, or indeed life. Life is a tangle, a tangle which every socialist must feel to be disentangling itself; but it is also a riddle, and on that point socialism has nothing to say at all.

It is in presenting life wholly as a tangle and not at all as a riddle that the philosophy and religion of Wells appear so inadequate. Could Wells write a poem? one asks oneself, and the question is full of meaning. There is nothing to suggest that at any moment of his life he has felt this impulse, which has been the normal thing in English authors. "Modern poetry, with an exception or so," he remarks somewhere, and for all his writings reveal of him he might have said poetry as a whole, "does not signify at all." It is the same with regard to music, art, external nature. He is not wanting in the plastic sense: his writings are filled with picturesque groupings, figures cut in outline against a sunset, masses of machinery in the glare of the forge, things that suggest the etcher's eye. But they are curiously impersonal. Consider, for example, his description of Worms Cathedral: "It rises over this green and flowery peace, a towering, lithe, light brown, sunlit, easy thing, as unconsciously and irrelevantly splendid as a tall ship in the evening glow under a press of canvas." You cannot doubt that he felt a beauty in this, but the beauty he feels is essentially the beauty of a piece of engineering; he is as untouched by the strictly personal artistic and religious qualities of this building, not to men-

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tion its connection with human history, as if he had seen it through a telescope from another planet. It is not the changeless riddle and partial solution of life for which this building stands that stir in Wells the sense of beauty and meaning: it is the mechanism, the process—his emotions gather about the physical result which appears to justify these. A perfect thing has detached itself from the confusion, has *arrived.*

There are people who never feel alive except when they are in rapid motion: motion to them is the determining quality of life. You cannot tell an aviator that the condition of his being an aviator in action precludes him from listening to a concerto at the same time. Motion exhilarates such people to the point of ecstasy, it gives them cosmic thrills, it is, as we say nowadays, their "religion"; and when they come to a stop and take notes on their experience they find themselves in the position of prophets and preachers of a new salvation. Pragmatism has no comment to make on a religion of this kind; it leaves pragmatism in a state of gagged and speechless acquiescence. *À chacun son infini.*

One can only judge by results. To me it seems that the significance of things, the meaning of any given present, evaporates in this conception of mankind as "permanently in transition." Reading those passages where Wells has expressed the meaning life has for him, I feel much as I should feel with regard to music if I heard a mass of Mozart played at the rate of sixty beats a second, or, with regard to painting, if a procession of Rembrandts were moved rapidly across my field of vision. The music as a whole is a tissue and succession of sounds, the pictures as a whole are a tissue and succession of colors. But that is not music, that is not art. Nor is a tissue and succession of births life.

[*To be continued*]

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CORRESPONDENCE

Eurasian

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In that very illuminating article, *The American Peril,* Mr. Michael Monahan, after speaking of the deterioration of journalism in New York, due largely to the immense immigration from Eastern Europe, says: "The taste is indeed rather Eurasian than American."

A Eurasian, as everyone knows who is at all familiar with the East, is the child of a European father or mother and a native of Asia.

Surely there has been no great influx of these people, so that it would be possible to know their peculiar taste in journalism! But perhaps Mr. Monahan was unfortunate enough to be taught by a "weak, hysterical, inferior and incompetent woman," who did not know what the word "Eurasian" meant?

A. P. TILESTON

CROYDON

The Average Fool

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Isn't the present European conflagration rather a satire upon THE FORUM, which has constantly deprecated war and announced that peace with honor should always be possible for civilized countries in this twentieth century? It seems a pity that so much energy should have been wasted in peace propaganda. Human nature is human nature; and you see what happens as soon as the test comes.

CYNIC

NEW YORK

[The European war is a ghastly satire upon the crudity of nine-tenths of the human race. When men learn to think, they will discover that it is possible for nations to be as reasonable and courteous as some individuals are now.—EDITOR.]

United Ireland

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—After Mr. Redmond's speech in the House of Commons, and the fraternizing of the Nationalist Volunteers and the Ulster Unionists, it may safely be assumed that there is no longer an Irish question in

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any acute form. It may perhaps be too much to hope that a completely united Ireland will be the result of the recent stirring events; yet that should now be the ideal to which both Irish and English statesmen should be prepared to give effectiveness as soon as the proper time comes. There can be no permanent satisfaction in a dismembered country, for either section; and the spirit of mutual toleration and esteem, once engendered, has worked greater miracles than the reconciliation of Ulster to the prospect of taking her proper place and exerting her powerful interest in the government of United Ireland.

JOHN WILLIAM BARRETT

PHILADELPHIA

A Political Compendium

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I was pleased to read in a recent number of THE FORUM a summary of the opinions of distinguished scholars relating to science and religion. I believe that many thousands of busy people like myself would appreciate a summary, even more elaborate than the religio-scientific discussion referred to, along political lines. It appears that there are more people now wanting facts and opinions, and the reasons for such opinions, along political lines than at any previous period in our country's history, and if you will supply that demand in a single copy with an extended bibliography indicating certain speeches in Congress and other contributions to the points at issue, you will have the satisfaction of making a valuable educational contribution to thousands who desire a complete and reliable compilation and discussion in compact form.

The North American Review will supply information to be used by special interests, but there are many who are interested in political research who would like the privilege of forming their own conclusions after the main issues have been placed before them, to be read on the trains or in the home where busy men have time to peruse such discussions.

I believe that a statement of the various firms and individual American and foreign investors in Mexico, the million and more class, would enable many readers to understand why certain people have favored or antagonized our Administration policy there. Many people would like to know whether the proprietor of *The Cincinnati Enquirer* and *The Washington Post* controls certain public utilities in Washington, D. C., as reported, which are affected by Administration policies. I hope that you can supply the complete political compendium suggested.

ALVIN M. WESTON

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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Arma Virumque . . .

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I wish you would reprint the editorial *The Big Man—and the Little Man* from the July number of THE FORUM. It seems a pity to let Colonel Roosevelt drop quite out of sight.

K. M.

NEW YORK

Dramatizing the Theatre

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Apparently the corrected proof of the article on *Dramatizing the Theatre* did not reach you in time to admit of my corrections being used. Of course the misprinted word "science" in line 6 should be scenic. Otherwise it makes the sentence to which it belongs not only misstate the subject dealt with by the writer in *The Nation,* but meaningless. I believe I also made one or two slight additions in order to set before your readers as clearly as possible the nature of the three conceptions of Drama which are altering the form of the drama by ridding the latter of literature and setting it free from the fettering discussions of scientific, political, theological, and all other intellectual ideas. The conceptions are those of Wagner, Gordon Craig, and Max Reinhardt. Each is aware of a fluid universe as the source and fount of Drama, each sees the dramatic essence proceeding therefrom, and each names the essence in his own way. Thus Wagner calls it sound, Gordon Craig motion, and Max Reinhardt the unconscious. Again each seeks an essential form which shall secure the continuity of the flow. Wagner seeks to frame it in an appropriate music-drama and a theatre in harmony with his intentions to form the feelings of the audience anew after the universal spirit of his music. But he wrecks his sound-form on crudities of interpretation and representation. Gordon Craig seeks to frame Drama in a motion-form. He sees clearly that the requisites for this high intent are wordless plays, interpretation and representation setting free the motion of such plays, and a theatre in which they may be freely cast and moulded. Max Reinhardt seeks to frame Drama in a subconscious-form. He has a notion of a portion of the frame, that is, the theatre, but is unable to create the main portion, the drama. In consequence he is kept busy altering and adapting ready-made material.

While I am writing I should be glad to be permitted to state the new conceptions and principles of the theatre embodied in my book on *The*

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Theatre of Max Reinhardt, especially as the nature and significance, and indeed the very presence of these conceptions and principles, have been almost entirely overlooked by the reviewers in the English press.

The work of the reformers of the advanced school may be said to be based on the general assumption that great emotions are continuous and unending. For instance, love, in essence, is the same to-day as it always has been and ever will be. If such emotions are set free from intellectual checks they provoke corresponding emotions in any spectator. Hence three conceptions have arisen:

1. Drama. Is the unconscious element, that is, emotional reality, manifesting itself in motion.

2. The Drama. Is the essential form which secures the flow of Drama.

3. Representation and Interpretation. Are parts of the essential form. Therefore the drama itself.

4. The Theatre. Is a part of the essential form. Therefore the theatre is the drama itself.

Hence have arisen certain fundamental laws or principles governing the application of the said ideas:

1. The spirit of drama is not founded upon literary ideas, but upon emotions reaching far into the past and future.

2. A play is of no dramatic value unless it expresses, continues, secures and provokes the eternal dramatic spirit.

3. A play that contains the eternal dramatic spirit is of no particular period. Therefore the business of the producer is not to represent a play of this description in an old and ready-made form, but to extract its dramatic spirit and create the form most essential to the expression of that spirit. (This is the office of the creative producer till the creative dramatist arrives.)

4. But as the interpretation of the big predominant emotion of a play is beyond the power of one individual, it must be interpreted by a group of individuals who will collaborate in order to carry out one predominating emotion which they feel in common. This is ensemble production.

5. Acting has no relation to a play unless it transmits the dramatic spirit contained in the play.

6. The predominant emotion to be expressed must not be confined to any single leading player but must extend from him or her to every member of the group of players and from them to each member of the vastest crowd. This is ensemble interpretation.

7. Likewise the predominant emotion must not be confined to the acting but must extend to the costumes, scenery, accessories and music. This is ensemble representation.

8. Finally the predominant emotion must be carried from the stage

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into the auditorium. All the objects and agents surrounding the spectator must be harmonized for the purpose.

From this it will be gathered that the laws or principles evolved are those of unity and intimacy.

HUNTLY CARTER

LONDON

Popular Adjectives

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—There has been a good deal of excitement in England recently over the use of the word "bloody" on the stage. "Bloody" is probably the most popular word in the country; it is heard in the highways and the byways; no one can escape it. Yet its repetition on the stage is unpardonable! Why?

I have noticed several attempts over here to explain the word as a corruption of "By Our Lady"—"By'r'lady"—and so, "Bloody." Will the ingenious providers of elaborated derivations kindly explain the origin of the word "bleeding," which is almost universal in London as a substitute for "bloody"?

WILLIAM UDDIE

NEW YORK

Drastic Punishment

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—The New York *Globe,* which has been doing such excellent work in repairing the deficiencies of our so-called health authorities, reported recently that Judge Collins, presiding in special sessions with the associate judges McInerney and Kernochan, characterized the actions of restaurant and lunch-room keepers who sell food prepared from questionable supplies as mean and contemptible, and worthy of the most drastic punishment within the court's power to mete out. One such offender was the Clinton Lunch Company, 916 Ninth Avenue, New York, which pleaded guilty to the charge of having rotten meat in its possession and paid a fine of $50.

A fine is not sufficient in such cases. The offenders should be compelled to exhibit prominently in the windows of their establishments a notice of the conviction, so that the public may know the record of the place, and express its disapproval by strict avoidance. Time deals too lightly with such abominable offenders. It is necessary to make the way of transgressors particularly hard, when the offence is so utterly mean and contemptible.

W. J. HENDERSON

NEW YORK

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Battle, Murder and Sudden Death

SO war has come at last, and day by day the armies march and clash, and great ships go to their doom, and there are *Te Deums* for the victorious and *Misereres* for the vanquished.

And men pay the price. They pay it in physical pain that cannot be realized: in ghastliness unparalleled. Faces are sliced off: limbs are blown to dust: bodies are disembowelled: shrieking masses of agony litter the battlefields: the dead alone are untortured.

This is the glory of war.

God damn all war.

In the great cities, crowds wait for news. They are elated or depressed as the bulletins come in, and the lying rumors, and the incessant contradictory dispatches. Their hearts are with the armies and the fleets of their country: they dream of triumph, or duty, or revenge. And word comes that 30,000 men have been killed in a single battle.

This is the glory of war.

And women pay the price. They pay it in the long agonies of suspense and of dread: in fear confirmed, and the desolation of those who shall hear no more in life the voice of husband, or son or brother. They pay it in deprivation or actual starvation, now and in the years to come: in sacrifice, and heavy labor in the fields, and stunted lives, and the enduring memory of great sorrows.

God damn all war.

Throughout the world, commerce and trade are hampered or destroyed. The rich are made paupers, and the poor yet poorer. Factories close down: mills are stopped. The hordes of the unemployed tramp through the cities. Women become prostitutes: men become thieves.

This is the glory of war.

And children pay the price. They pay it in privation and neglect: in the loss of the necessaries that mean life or health:

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in a shadowed childhood, and undeveloped gifts, and lost opportunities: in minds dwarfed or weighed down by early labor, or early responsibility, or the long sombreness of clouded homes.

God damn all war.

There is no excuse for war, no need for war, no purpose for war. In the world to-day, all civilized nations can live together in amity, with a place in the sun for every one of them, and a helping hand from each to all in time of passing need. But the appeal to war remains because there are still in every nation ignorant, blatant, conceited fools who affirm the necessity and glory of war: because there are still in every nation men—well-meaning men—who preserve the old suspicions, and the old stupidities, and will not recognize that a new religion, bigger than Christianity as it has been interpreted by the churches, bigger than paganism as it has been interpreted by the mobs, is knocking at the doors of the world, and will find those doors opened wide by the men and the women who have been waiting.

We will have no armies in the future, but police only: no armaments, no militarism: no bullying of nation by nation: no legacies of hatred from defeat, or of contempt from victory. We will have no diplomacy of the old type, which vaunts itself upon outwitting its competitors. We will have statesmanship of the new type: the statesmanship of service, not of selfishness. No man shall take pride in a triumph over his brother, no nation shall be mean enough to traduce or trick another.

A dream? God's mercy, no! Is not the first natural thought of each nation to send sympathy and practical help to another in any time of sudden catastrophe, such as earthquake, or mine disaster, or calamitous flood? In war, men gloat over the tribulations of their enemies, who yesterday were their friends. It is the change from sanity to drunkenness. Shall the nations again be drunk with the war frenzy? Will any man stand out, and praise the slaughter-house, and the offal, and the reek of blood?

There has too long been carelessness, and shallow thinking, and hypocrisy, or the world would have at least one man who would come forward now, and be heard through the roar of all the cannon: a man whose word would be obeyed by all the war-lords and dictators and cabinets: a man mightier than mobs, or

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militarism, or autocracy, because the whole force of the organized public opinion of the world would give authority to his proclamation: *Let there be peace.*

War—and Peace

In the first week of the war, Great Britain and Germany each voted war credits of more than $1,000,000,000. These enormous amounts were merely for the preliminary expenses: the full bill has yet to be presented and paid.

It has never yet occurred to any nation to appropriate $1,000,000,000 for the purposes of *peace*.

The United States may well lead the way. The President has already saved us $1,000,000,000 by his handling of the Mexican difficulty. Cannot we be as patriotic in peace as other nations in the time of war? It would be a memorable act—and it is entirely a possible act—for Congress to appropriate that vast sum now, to be devoted, gladly and ungrudgingly, to such measures of enduring value to our national life as the President and an advisory committee shall determine.

We owe much to President Wilson. It would be a fitting recognition of the high regard in which the nation holds him, if he should be empowered to spend, in the name of the Prince of Peace, the thousand millions that he withheld, undaunted by invective, from the God of Battles.

No man would have had a more wonderful tribute paid to him. No man better deserves it.

And no nation would have done a more wonderful thing for itself and all humanity, than the nation which first held that the price of peace was worth at least the initial cost of a ruinous war.

Providence

In the usual interesting way, all the nations of Europe have been calling upon Providence to rally to their support and take sides in their respective quarrels. If Providence has any special preference for the slaughter of Germans and Austrians by Frenchmen and Russians, rather than for the slaughter of

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Frenchmen and Russians by Germans and Austrians, that preference will no doubt be suitably expressed and the result measured in terms of annihilated army corps and shattered navies. But a Providential neutrality would seem more in keeping with the eternal fitness of things.

Fixing the Responsibility

It is an idle task for the average man to endeavor to fix responsibility for the European cataclysm, for in almost every case the analysis of conditions, however carefully made, leads to a decision favorable to the individual's own nation, or to the nation with which he has the strongest personal ties. Sincerity is far from rare, but true impartiality needs diligent seeking.

Denunciation and laudation are of little value now, and may well be left for quieter times. The impelling force of nationality, the different perspectives of all national histories, must define the issue for the vast majority.

But some of the responsibility *may* be fixed, perhaps to our profit, now. Let the churches of the world, that have achieved so little with their vast resources and opportunities, take their share of the blame. Let the schools and colleges of the world, with the petty provincialism of their methods, take their share also. Let the press of the world, that with a few notable exceptions has turned freedom into license, take its own share—a generous share, well worked for and well deserved. And let all the little sectarian and class agencies that preach and practise the lessons of separation instead of unity, take the share that belongs to them for maintaining in the world the spirit of ill-will instead of the spirit of brotherhood, that so many still ridicule, because they cannot hear with their ears, or see with their eyes, or comprehend with their hearts.

The Mob

The mob in St. Petersburg attacked the German Embassy. The mob in Berlin attacked the Russian and British Embassies.

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The mobs in Paris and London made demonstrations against the German Embassies.

The mob everywhere and at all times may be relied upon to make itself ridiculous. Unfortunately, there are still large numbers of people who confuse mobocracy with democracy. That is one of the reasons why democracy has been such a conspicuous failure, so far, in the modern world. But the journalists of the mob, and the graft-hunting politicians of the mob, are entirely content. They imagine, amongst other things, that a republic consists in the mere name, and that it may carry its Murphys and similar parasites and still, by the grace of God, throw a shining light to illumine the darkness of all other governments.

The Big Man—and the Little Man

PRESIDENT WILSON at Annapolis, 1914:

"The idea of America is to serve humanity, and every time you let the Stars and Stripes free to the wind you ought to realize that that is in itself a message, that you are on an errand which other navies have sometimes forgotten, not an errand of conquest, but an errand of service."

Colonel Roosevelt at Camden, 1912:

"It wasn't much of a war, but it was all the war there was, and it wasn't my fault if there wasn't enough to go round."

Colonel Roosevelt in New York, Memorial Day, 1911:

"It wasn't much of a war, but it was all the war there was, and it was not our fault there wasn't enough to go round."

[Reprinted by request. Even Colonel Roosevelt may consider the present European war big enough to satisfy the blatancy of the slaughter-house enthusiasts.]

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